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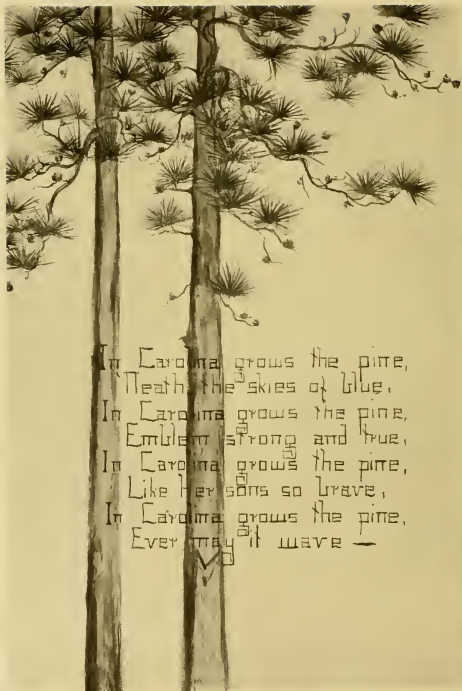
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In Carolina grows the pine,
Neath the skies of blue.
In Carolina grows the pine,
Emblem strong and true,
In Carolina grows the pine,
Like her sons so brave,
In Carolina grows the pine,
Ever may it wave —

VOLUME II

THE CAROLINIAN



PUBLISHED BY
THE SENIOR CLASS
1910

NORTH CAROLINA
STATE NORMAL AND INDUSTRIAL COLLEGE
GREENSBORO, NORTH CAROLINA

CO
11264
1210

To the wise counselor, the just administrator,
the skilful leader,
the sympathetic friend, the courteous gentleman

Julius Isaac Foust

as an expression of sincere friendship,
this volume
is affectionately dedicated



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EDITORIAL STAFF

Editorial

THE time has come for the Class of 1910 to leave its college home. For four years, college life, with its work, its recreation, its manifold pleasures, its inspiring influences, has surrounded each member of the Class, and has made such an impression on her thought and character as can hardly be overestimated. An impression, however, is rather a vague, indefinite thing and, after the lapse of years, much that might be inspiring and helpful to the college alumna has completely escaped her memory. In the coming years, then, this annual, with the names and photographs of the Faculty, will remind her that mental development should not end with the close of college days. The name of the Young Women's Christian Association will recall those things which are highest and holiest and most worth while. The pages devoted to athletics will say to the reader that her college days taught a sound, clean mind in a sound, clean body. The various social events will bring to her mind the happiest hours of her life at college, hours when she, with her classmates or her society sisters, in unity of thought and purpose, worked in order to give pleasure to others. Then, turning to the records of her class, she will remember that the watchword of her life was to be "Service." So, as a reminder, as a partial representation of our college life in its every phase, the editors present this second edition of THE CAROLINIAN.



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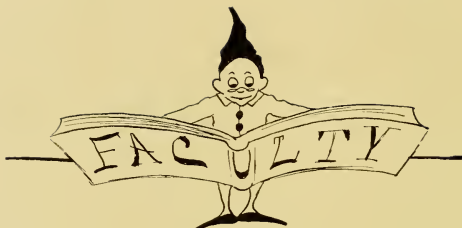
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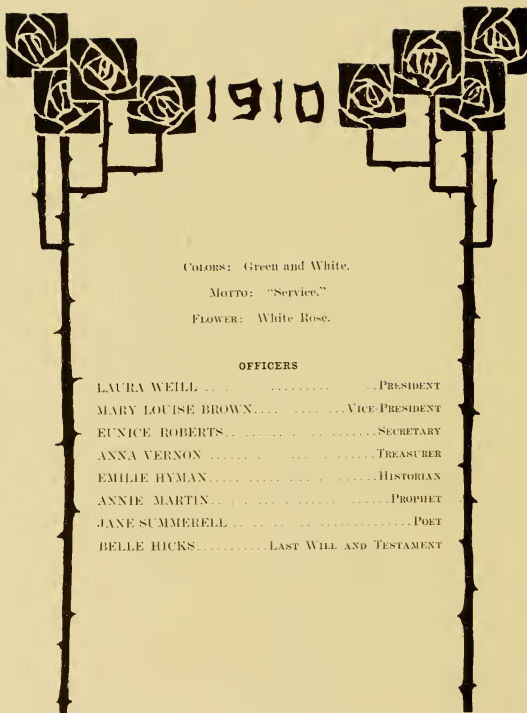
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The Sweet Girl Graduate

"She talks with tears about her mates, and quotes from ancient lore,
She says the Past is left behind, the Future is before.
Her gown is simply stunning, but she can't subtract or add;
Oh, what an awful humbug is the Sweet Girl Grad."

—SELECTED.





COLORS: Green and White.

MOTTO: "Service."

FLOWER: White Rose.

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JANE SUMMERELL	POET
BELLE HICKS	LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT



Laura B. Wille

Wilmington, N. C.

*There is no one beside thee, no one
above thee,
Thou standest alone as the night-
ingale sings.*

Adelphian; President of Class, spring 1910; Editor of *The State Normal Magazine*, 1908-09; Editor-in-Chief *The State Normal Magazine*, 1909-10; Vice-President of Athletic Association, 1908-09; Champion Basket-ball Team, 1907-08, 1908-09; Marshal, 1908-09, 1909-10; Editor of *THE CAROLINIAN*, 1909-10.



Nell Anna Andrews

Raleigh, N. C.

*In soul sincere,
In action faithful,
In honor clear.*



Cornelian; Critic of Class, fall 1906; Secretary of Class, fall 1909; President of French Club, fall 1908.



Mary Louise Brown

Chadbourn, N. C.

If I do not a friendship, I will perform it to the last article.

Adelphian; Vice-President of Class, spring 1910.



Bessie D. Coats

Smithfield, N. C.

*Worth, courage, honor; these indeed
your sustenance and birthright
are.*



Adelphian; Treasurer of Class, fall 1909.



Mollie Cotchett

Wilmington, N. C.

*No many virtues joined in her as we
can scarce find here and there in his-
tory.*

Adelphian; Vice-President of Class, spring 1909; Editor-in-Chief of THE CAROLINIAN; Marshal, 1909-10; Champion Basket-ball Team, 1908-09; Champion Tennis Team, 1908-10.



Margaret Cooper

Graham, N. C.

Next to faith in God is faith in labor.



Adelphian.



Adelphian; Critic of Class, fall 1906.



Annie Dent Davis
Greensboro, N. C.

Hope that defied despair.



Lula J. Dixon

Greensboro, N. C.

Musical as Apollo's lute.

Adelphian.





Mame Barnes Coffey

Goldsboro, N. C.

*Nothing is so strong as gentleness,
Nothing so gentle as strength.*

Adelphian; President of Class, fall 1909; Treasurer of Y. W. C. A., 1909-10.



Annie Lee Harper

Wakefield, N. C.

Pursues the even tenor of her way.



Cornelian; Critic of Class, spring 1910.



Edith Hassell

Edenton, N. C.

*Let us then be what we are
And speak what we think.*

Cornelian; Treasurer of Class, spring 1909; Champion Basket-ball Team, 1907-08, 1908-09.



Belle Hicks

Henderson, N. C.

*Not too serious, not too gay,
But altogether a jolly good fellow.*



Adelphian; Vice-President of Class, fall 1907; President of Athletic Association, 1909-10; Treasurer of Athletic Association, 1908-09; Editor of THE CAROLINIAN, 1910; Last Will and Testament of Class, 1910; Champion Basket-ball Team, 1907-08, 1908-09; Secretary of French Club, fall 1909.



Eleanor Hesse

Fayetteville, N. C.

*Misfortune to have lived not knowing
thee.*

Cornelian; President of Class, fall 1906; Critic of Class, fall 1909; Vice-President of Y. W. C. A., 1908-09; Marshal, 1908-09, 1909-10; Editor of THE CAROLINIAN, 1910; Champion Tennis Team, 1908-09.



Emile Slade Hyman

Hobgood, N. C.

Enthusiasm begets enthusiasm.



Adelphian; Secretary of Class, fall 1908; Historian of Class, 1910; Editor of THE CAROLINIAN, 1910.



Margaret W. John

Raleigh, N. C.

*Smooth runs the water where the
brook is deep.*

Adelphian; Secretary of Class, fall 1907; Treasurer of Y. W. C. A.,
1908-09.



Viola Ketter

Grover, N. C.

*Music washes away from the soul the
dust of everyday life.*

Adelphian; Vice-President of Class, 1907; Critic of Class, spring 1909.



Cornelian.



Katie Kenna

Greensboro, N. C.

*Her duties well performed,
Her days well spent.*



Clara Irene Lamb

Silver City, N. C.

*She has a heart as sound as a bell, and
her tongue is the clapper,
For what her heart thinks, her tongue
speaks.*

Cornelian: Treasurer of Class, fall 1907-08; Marshal, 1909-10; Vice-President of Athletic Association, 1909-10.





Adelphian.



Alice Ledbetter

Greensboro, N. C.

*Of plain, sound sense Life's current
coin is made.*



Edith Mason

Stanley, N. C.

Life is real, Life is earnest.

Adelphian.





Cornelia: Prophet of Class, 1910.



Anne Laurie Martin
Salisbury, N. C.

She smiles to drive dull care away.



Mary McCulloch
Greensboro, N. C.

Deep versed in books, and pleasant in herself.

Adelphian.





Winnie McWhorter

Rocky Mount, N. C.

*Long shall we seek her likeness, long
in rain.*

Adelphian; Vice-President of Class, spring 1908; Secretary of Y. W. C. A., 1909-10; Editor of THE CAROLINIAN, 1910; President of French Club, fall 1909; Champion Basket-ball Team, 1907-08, 1908-09.



Annie Thoring

Ashboro, N. C.

There is no wisdom like frankness.



Cornelian; Secretary of Class, spring 1907; President of Class, fall 1908; Editor of THE CAROLINIAN, 1909; Business Manager of THE CAROLINIAN, 1910; Marshal, 1909-10.



Annette Claypole Munds

Wilmington, N. C.

A beautiful face is a silent recommendation.

Adelphian; Treasurer of Class, spring 1908; President of French Club, spring 1909; Editor of *The State Normal Magazine*, 1909-10.



Willard Powers

Rutherfordton, N. C.

*In every rank, or great or small,
'Tis industry supports us all.*



Cornelian; Treasurer of Class, fall 1908; Champion Basket-ball Team, 1907-08, 1908-09.



Emilee Roberts

Shelby, N. C.

*The mildest manner with the bravest
mind.*

Cornelian; Editor of *The State Normal Magazine*, 1909-10; Secretary of Class, spring 1910.



Pearle Robertson

Washington, D. C.

*She is a friend indeed with all a
friend's virtue shining bright.*

Adelphian; Secretary of Class, spring 1909; Editor of THE CAROLINIAN, 1910.



Elizabeth H Robinson

Fayetteville, N. C.

*The elements so mixed in her,
That Nature might stand up and say
to all the world—
This is a woman.*

Cornelian; Critic of Class, fall 1907; President of Class, spring 1909; Class Historian, 1909; Editor of *The State Normal Magazine*, 1908-09; Editor-in-Chief of *The State Normal Magazine*, 1909-10; Chief Marshal, 1909-10.



Olga Stancev

Tarboro, N. C.

*True as the needle to the pole
Or as the dial to the sun.*



Adelphian; Treasurer of Class, fall 1906; President of the Class, fall 1907; Vice-President of Athletic Association, 1906-07, 1907-08; Secretary of Athletic Association, 1908-09; Editor of *THE CAROLINIAN*, 1909-10; Marshal 1909-10.



Marion Lee Stevens

Goldsboro, N. C.

*I have no other but a woman's reason.
I think it is so because I think it so.*

Adelphian; Critic of Class, spring 1908; Marshal, 1908-09; Vice-President of Y. W. C. A., 1909-10.



Jane Summerell

China Grove, N. C.

To be, not to seem.



Cornelian; Critic of Class, spring 1909; Poet of Class, 1910; Marshal, 1908-09; Secretary of Y. W. C. A., 1908-09; President of Y. W. C. A., 1909-10.



Anna Glenn Varnon

Wake Forest, N. C.

Principle is my motto, not expediency.

Adelphian; Monitor of Class, spring 1909; Treasurer of class, spring 1910.



Nora Belle Wilson

Charlotte, N. C.

Who deserves well needs not another's praise.



Cornelian; Vice-President of Class, fall 1908.



Louise Wooten

La Grange, N. C.

Home-keeping hearts are the best.

Cornelian; Vice-President of Class, fall 1909; Champion Basket-ball Team, 1907-08, 1908-09.

Class Song

Loving hearts will praise thee,
 Loving voices sing;
 Out across the green fields
 Let the chorus ring.
 Strong and free and fearless,
 Cheer her once again,
 While the hills rescho,
 Nineteen hundred ten.

Service is our watchword,
 Rose, so pure and white,
 Emblem of our class which
 Battles for the right,
 Loyal to our class then,
 Cheer her once again,
 Class of truth and honor,
 Nineteen hundred ten.



WILLIAM CUNNINGHAM SMITH, JR.

Class Poem

"Service," the watchword of that great man
Whose noble life we praise,
Is also the watchword of "nineteen ten."
Bright hope for the coming days!

With earnest endeavor and hope undismayed
Let us follow its clarion call,
Obedience prompt to its high summons yield,
Disdaining the heights that appall.

Though the pathway be rugged to faltering feet,
And often we fall in the fight,
Let us rise with each fall, more undaunted, more firm,
Nor rest till we've gained the height.

And though far apart our pathways diverge,
Whether here or beyond the blue sea,
In our hearts buried deep, let this motto abide,
"Faithful service to all—full and free."

And, Father above, if mortals may say
What the guerdon in heaven shall be,
Grant that this band, in Thy image made,
May continue its service to Thee.

In eternity's day may we finish with joy
All the tasks here so feebly begun,
And learn in a nobler, more perfect way
How to serve at the "Great White Throne."

W. J. S.

Senior History

TWILIGHT had fallen. The sun had been asleep an hour and now all seemed peaceful and quiet. The few moments "between the dark and the daylight" were almost gone; lights were appearing at many of the windows. The streets were deserted save for some workman, now and then, as he hurried home.

A quaint, little old woman sat before the open window of one of the handsomest residences of the city, gazing out upon this peaceful scene. Looking like a shadow in the gathering twilight, she seemed well adapted to her surroundings. She was evidently lost in thought, for she paid no attention to the sounds which occasionally reached her from the dining-room below.

Suddenly the door was thrust open and a young girl of about sixteen burst into the room, saying, as she did so, "Grandma, father has come and supper is ready, but mother said if you didn't care to come down, we'd bring it up to you. Won't you stop admiring the sunset long enough, though, to come and stay with us awhile?"

At these words, the figure at the window reluctantly turned, and there was something strangely familiar in the look which she gave her grandchild—honest, penetrating, unfaltering—from eyes that could belong to none other than Belle Hicks. Yes, it was she, wofully altered in appearance, but the same, nevertheless. Familiar, too, was the voice with which she answered:

"No, Phoebe, dear, I really care for no supper. I was having such a pleasant time when you came in, for I was living over again my happy college days. Your going off to school to-morrow reminds me so forcibly of the time when I was leaving, just as you are, that I was unconsciously led to think of the dear old Normal College, and of the Class of 1910."

"Won't you tell me about them, grandma? I don't want any supper, and I'll just tell mother. We finished packing my trunk an hour ago, so I really have nothing else to do. *Please!*"

Her plea was irresistible, and a moment later she was seated at the feet of her grandmother, waiting eagerly for the beginning.

"During my years at college," the gentle voice began, "my whole life was so completely merged into that of my class that to separate the two would be almost impossible. At the time when I was preparing, just as you are, to enter upon a new life in a strange place, although I knew it not, there were seventy-three other girls, who afterward became very near and dear to me, making like preparations. When we first landed at dear old Normal in the fall of 1906, the High School diploma, which most of us carried, entitled us to register as Freshmen, but it was not until the night of October the thirtieth that we fully realized how worthy we were of our title. A greener, more ignorant crowd of girls than we were never met to draw up a constitution and become a working factor in their college. We were in earnest though, very much so, and seemed to realize fully the dignity of the duties we were about to assume. None of our band seemed to feel capable of performing the duties of president, and it was not until after several names had been withdrawn that we finally succeeded in electing Eleanor Huske, a dark-eyed little girl from Fayetteville. I hope, dearie, that your class will be as successful as we were in selecting your first leader, for Eleanor was almost ideal. The class meetings at which she presided will always live in my memory.

"Beginning with our organization, we were for a long time unnecessarily worried on account of our financial affairs. We had so much trouble in prevailing upon any one to accept the nomination for our first treasurer that Mr. Forney couldn't refrain from telling us that he hardly thought the keeping of our money would be as great a responsibility as we seemed to think—and so it proved. The money which we had troubled us not—rather, our chief difficulty lay in getting some to take

care of. In a fit of desperation, caused by a lack of funds, we decided to assess ourselves five cents each month, 'that we might have some money in our treasury'; so read the minutes of that early day. Even then the slightest expense necessitated an assessment, a state of affairs which continued as long as we were in college.

"You will find out, dear child, that the first important thing Freshmen think of doing is to plant their tree. On the night before Thanksgiving we seventy-four Freshmen stole secretly from the dormitories and out by the library we planted ours, which we named the McIver oak, for the first president of our college.

"Although our Freshman year was no doubt one of the happiest, I can think of but few things of importance which took place then. Having planted our tree, we felt that we had been fully initiated into the joys of being a class and our history of that year is but the repetition of Freshman years in general. The most noteworthy thing which happened to us was a Mother Goose party, given in our honor on the night of Saturday, February the twenty-third, by the Sophomores.

"Tournament week found our team quite unprepared, and even I was pressed into service, although I had played only four games. This lack of preparation could result in but one thing—defeat; and to our humiliation and grief we were beaten by the Juniors in the first game. Although we were not allowed to take further part in the tournament, we watched the other games with the most intense interest and began at once to lay our plans for the next year.

"We decided to honor our tree before we left for the summer by having public exercises around it. In accordance with this decision, on May the tenth we marched out just after supper and publicly acknowledged the presence of our McIver oak. Shortly afterward, commencement took place, and before we had time to realize it we were at home again, telling of our year's adventures and mentally living over again our happy Freshman days.

"How those first vacation days did fly! Before we realized it our trunks were packed, and as wise Sophomores we were

returning to battle with Latin, solid geometry, chemistry and trig. Although the fight was a stiff one, most of us won out, and, indeed, found time for a few entertainments and quite a good deal of basket-ball practice.

"Thanksgiving drew near, and our tree's birthday was celebrated by little Japanese maids wearing gay kimonos and each carrying a lantern. Our little oak had taken root and was growing rapidly. We were, oh, so proud of it, and I feel sure that each of us placed it first on her list of things for which to be thankful.

"There is a saying among college girls that, however great the pleasure is of being entertained, it is almost doubled when one turns hostess. I guess your class will find this true, as ours did, when we entertained the Freshmen on March the twenty-eighth at an old-fashioned English tea. The principal feature of the evening was the rendering of 'The Ladies of Cranford,' and for souvenirs small editions of the book were presented.

"Tournament took place in the spring, and our practice was rewarded, for we came off victorious, defeating the class which had performed the same feat for us the year before. Oh, the glory of it!

"Juniors! How happy we were to think that one-half of our trials were over! Such a busy year as we planned for ourselves, and such a busy year as it proved! The Senior Class of that year being a small one, we assumed something of their responsibility, and for this reason some were unkind enough to call us conceited; their reason for so doing we never knew. Granted that we were conceited, we were, nevertheless, very happy. The year was spent in hard study and much practice of basket-ball and hockey. For the first time in the history of our college an annual was issued, and much thought had to be given to our representation therein. Money matters no longer seemed such a burden, and the fact that nine cents, or less, was all we possessed gave but few of us any concern.

"On the eighth of February we entertained for the second time, this time taking the Seniors to the theatre for a pleasant evening with 'The Man of the Hour.'

"Tournament time rolled round again and once more we were victorious, this time bearing from the Athletic Field both the trophy cup and banner.

"Commencement followed shortly after and soon we were at home, but before we could fully realize the joy of being there letters reached us which told of the opening of college. On the fifteenth of September we were on hand—Juniors no longer, but Seniors! Oh, my dear, I should like to be able to picture for you the joys of that Senior year! People seemed to vie with each other in seeing who could give us most pleasure. We were given a hall of our very own, and although some teased us at first by declaring that it was such a dignified body rooming there that they found it uncomfortable, nevertheless the noise proved that our hall was attractive to at least a few visitors. Some of us were rather dignified, others so to just the proper degree, and there were one or two of us (such as my roommate) who seemed not even to know what the word 'dignity' meant. Most of us had dreamed of an ideal Senior year, and if a year spent in planning gifts, dresses, pose and costume for pictures, an essay and an annual is ideal, then ours was realized. The events of this year were so many and so varied that I cannot attempt to describe them. The Juniors gave us a most delightful entertainment in 'The Temple of Fame.' The Training School Faculty took us to the theatre, where we saw a most enjoyable play. As I said before, all seemed to contribute as far as possible to our pleasure. Joy reigned supreme in this our last and happiest college year. As I think of it now, Phoebe, dear, nothing could have been added to my pleasure, and I long to be at college again.

"Backward, turn backward, O Time, in your flight;
Make me a girl again just for to-night!"

"But there, there, dear, I really must not detain you longer with my dull reminiscences. I'm sure your father has finished with his newspaper by now and is anxious to have you with him to-night."

"Yes, perhaps I *had* better go down now. But thank you so much for giving me such an interesting history of your dear old class. I have enjoyed it very much and shall think of it often"—and, as she kissed her, "Good-night!"



Senior Prophecy

Twenty years had passed since my graduation, and I was now returning for the first time to my Alma Mater. What marvelous changes I beheld! Not a single familiar face cheered my homesick heart. I felt myself an alien in this throng.

Even our dear old class tree did not seem natural, nor bring back memories of campfires, toasted marshmallows and chocolate. Its surroundings had undergone a change. A large portico, with rear entrance to a new hall, gave dignity and beauty to the Main Building. The new Infirmary, with its white columns, crowned the hill to the westward. A wing and porch had changed the appearance of the Melver Building.

Surely, I thought, I will feel at home in our old Senior Hall, but there, more than anywhere, I missed the girls grown dear to me through four years of joys and sorrows.

At length I sought a quiet resting place in the park, where, soothed and comforted by the murmur of the water, I lost consciousness and allowed my thoughts to drift out into the wide, wide world. Suddenly there came to my ears an unusual noise from the stream, and in a twinkling a little spirit appeared before me and inquired the cause of my sadness. He was such a pleasant sprite. I did not feel any fear, but told him of my sorrows on returning to my college after years of absence and of my loneliness because my classmates were gone—where, I did not know.

"My friend," he seemed to say, "if you will look long and steadfastly into the little pool at your feet you may see once again your classmates and the work in which they are engaged."

Eagerly I obeyed his instructions, and he was gone as he came—whither I could not tell.

At the bottom of the little pool I could plainly see the interior of an exquisitely decorated church. There was absolute quiet except for sweet strains of music as they floated up to me.

There was a rustle of excitement at the door; the bride was entering on the arm of her father, followed by a train of daintily gowned bridesmaids. As her happy, smiling face came in view my heart gave a leap and then seemed to stop, for she was no other than Winnie McWhorter. There was breathless silence and I seemed to hear the sweet, solemn "I will" as it fell from the lips of the bride. The ceremony was finished, the bride and groom came down the aisle, but still my eyes had not left the face of my classmate. As she reached the door the smile died from her face and a worried look took its place. She turned to the maid nearest her.

"Oh, Jane," she said, "did I do all right? Was everything in order? I am so worried." Then was my attention turned to the dear lady near her, and I recognized the comforter of worried minds and hearts—Jane Summerell.

"There, now, don't worry any more. Everything was just beautiful, and I know you will be perfectly happy. I cannot go to the reception, Winnie dear, for the head nurse at the orphanage is away and I am always uneasy if I do not see the babies tucked away for the night."

The church, with its happy party, disappeared, and in its place I looked upon the crowded streets of a great city. A gay throng was entering the doors of a theatre. The building was packed to its utmost capacity, and the excitement, though somewhat held in check, convinced me that this was an unusual entertainment. I was able to distinguish a few words from the incessant babble.

"How long before it will begin?"

"The greatest star of the season!"

"The author is a woman!"

It was while I was listening that the curtain went up amidst great applause, and the beautiful actress standing before the lights, simply but elegantly gowned, was none other than Laura Weill. Then it was that I noticed the entire front row of the theatre was filled with girls—seventeen in all. The meaning of this was clear to me, for someone pointed to them and called them the great actress' satellites.

It was the last act of the play. The scene was the interior of a charming bedroom. A couch stood before the window and reclining on it was a graceful figure. The great actress, bottle in hand, stood above the couch and was passing her cool, soft hand across the forehead of the sweet little woman. A great wave of tenderness passed over me, for the dainty person was Eunice Roberts.

And now I became aware of a buzz of excitement as part of the crowd continually turned toward one of the boxes. I again caught snatches of the conversation and learned that the new cause of excitement was the presence of the famous writer of the play—presented for the first time that evening. I determined to look upon this great woman and found that it was Lula Dixon. She was perfectly unconscious of the attention she was attracting.

There was a movement of the water and, instead of the stage and its occupants, a scene of rustic simplicity greeted my eyes. I looked upon the exterior of a small green cottage. I was thinking what an ideal home this must be when a door opened and a young woman, with bonnet on her head and milk pail in her hand, came tripping down the steps. A man came to meet her, and singing they went about their evening work. The scene interested me. I watched them as they returned in the twilight, and when, in answer to her companion's earnest question, the young woman raised her head, I looked upon the loved features of Viola Keeter. She answered him, saying: "Hush, you must not say such things. Whole years of music teaching are not to be weighed against that moment when I recognized that Love was best."

I wished to look longer, but the vision melted before my eyes and another scene took its place. I was standing before the homes of the Faculty of the College, which could be seen on a hill near at hand. One cottage particularly attracted my eye, and soon the view changed so I could see within it. The room was simply but neatly furnished and spotlessly clean. A young woman, reclining in a large, comfortable chair, sat before the fire engaged in correcting essay papers. A Maltese cat lay

at her feet, and a green parrot in a cage at her elbow acted as her chief companion. A book lay open on the table and this passage, marked, met my eye:

"Had we never lov'd so kindly,
Had we never lov'd so blindly,
Never met—or never parted—
We had ne'er been broken hearted."

At a movement from the parrot, the woman looked up. I could not believe my eyes—but, yes, it was Nora Belle Wilson.

Again I gazed spellbound, for a most novel scene met my view. I was upon the pier as a big American liner was preparing to cast anchor. A crowd stood watching its departure, some with handkerchiefs to their eyes, others using them to wave to their friends on deck. There was a sound of hurrying and a carriage dashed into view. From it emerged a young woman, accompanied by two or three younger girls. There were screams of excitement and girlish giggling as the chaperon hastened to get her baggage on board. After they were safe on deck, the girls continually plied their chaperon with questions.

"Oh, why doesn't she come on! She will miss the ship and will be unable to give her concert in London."

The chaperon looked once more on the throng below to catch sight of the belated one, and as she did so I recognized Bell Andrews. She was, as I heard the bystanders say, engaged during the holidays to chaperon young girls on a trip abroad. I now wondered who was to give a musical concert in London.

A glad cry rose from them and, turning in the direction in which they were looking, I saw Elizabeth Robinson (better known at College as Aunt Betty) hurrying across the pier and across the gang plank just as the last bell had been sounded.

The ship was gone and my eyes beheld instead the interior of an elegant ballroom.

"Bright the lamps shone o'er fair women and brave men." The music was just beginning as a young man led to the head of the room one whom I considered the most attractive woman present, and one whom I would have designated as the "Belle of the Ball." She turned to smile at the friends she was leav-

ing, and this popular society woman was none other than Clara Lambe. As she glided away many turned and commented, and I heard one woman say:

"Clara certainly has a good time; without a doubt she is the most popular girl here!"

"But she will have to give up this frivolous life when she becomes a minister's wife!" her companion replied.

Only a minute did the scene linger before my eyes, and in its place I found myself looking into a lecture-room and listening attentively to a speaker addressing a crowd of college students. Her subject was "Emancipation of Humanity," and part of the arguments reached my ears:

"There should be no such things as rules and laws. Each one is a law unto himself. If you do not wish to have gymnastic exercises, why do you waste your time with it! If you have a recitation you do not wish to attend, no law or rule can make you."

Who could it be that expounded so bravely such revolutionary views? She, like Shelley, was beating her wings hopelessly against the laws that rule the universe. She turned, and I looked into the face of Annie Moring.

Now I was looking into a well-appointed studio. A busy photographer was trying to please the crowds who came to him. Continually in his work he turned to his wife for advice. The group before him now was in serious discussion; so his wife came forward to add the finishing touches, and as she turned towards me I saw the radiant face of Marion Stevens.

Now an unusual scene came to view. It was the interior of a schoolroom, but very different from the ones I had been accustomed to see. A little woman stood before this class of yellow-faced children in far-away Korea. She was telling them of the wonderful love of Christ and at the same time trying to teach them the rudiments of the three R's. I do not think I ever heard a more rapid discourse, the teacher hardly taking time to draw a long breath. The eyes of the children opened wide in amazement as they gazed upon her spell. Would you believe it! The teacher was Annie Davis.

A new and different scene took the place of the schoolroom. A woman sat in an office busily engaged. On the table before her lay charts, compass, rulers, and plans. What could she be doing? At last I was able to discover an order from the Government. It was addressed to Mary McCulloch and requested her, by aid of her mathematical knowledge, to figure out the length of the comet just appearing on the horizon.

The water bubbled and subsided. I was permitted a view of the Easter decorations of a small but attractive church. The flowers at the altar showed the care of loving hands in honor of the occasion. The young woman with the best voice in that community had been prevailed upon to render an Easter anthem.

As she stepped forward and began, the melodious sound came plainly to my ear. What a sweet, clear voice! I leaned forward to catch a glimpse of her face. I found to my surprise that it was Edith Mason. Why had she never let her classmates know she had a voice like that?

A most familiar scene now presented itself. It was the interior of one of the rooms in our Practice School. An enthusiastic teacher stood before the class. At the back of the room were rows of chairs filled with would-be Seniors, swallowing every word that fell from the mouth of the teacher. The children gazed with wide-opened eyes while she was talking; raised their hands desirous of answering when a question was put to them, and rose with one accord at a signal. Who was this marvelous teacher? A hand went up at the back of the room and at the motion of the teacher's head a childish voice asked:

"May we have a longer lesson to-morrow, Miss Hyman? I did not study but three hours last night."

Once again I looked upon one of those country scenes so dear to all. A neat brick schoolhouse stood beneath an old oak tree at the side of the road. An energetic teacher came briskly along the road, entered the building and was soon engaged in building the morning fire. Children came straggling along, playing in the snow. There was the sound of the bell; the children went to their work. One saucy little fellow began to

grow restless and pulled the hair of the girl in front of him. The teacher became annoyed and at last could stand it no longer. She took a birch from the corner and gave the boy a thrashing. It was while she was engaged in this that I caught a glimpse of her face, and, no—it could not be Pearle Robertson, for at her home in Washington, D. C., they do not believe in corporal punishment. But I could not be mistaken; so I came to the conclusion that while teaching down South she had found corporal punishment a necessity.

Then I looked upon an immense crowd of college students gathered in an auditorium to discuss the work of the Y. W. C. A. in America. The President of the Association, a slight, dainty figure, came forward amidst great applause, and it was my pleasure to look upon the face of Mamie Griffin. As she began her address, a slip of paper fell from her Bible and I could see that it was a verse, and these words caught my eye.

“Beautiful brown eyes, and teeth of pearl.”

Again there was a movement of the water; so I watched to see what would appear this time. It was the interior of a registration-room in a college. The lady principal was seated at a table, and as the students came forward she smiled, comforted their homesick hearts with cheering words and sent them to their rooms. I leaned forward. As she stooped to give her hand to one newcomer I recognized Margaret John.

And now I stood looking into a Chemistry Laboratory redolent with odors of H_2S and chlorine. A woman stood at her desk heating a test-tube containing a yellow solution. There was a cracking of glass, and the solution spilled. The chemist, however, calmly turned to start her work again, and by her movement, as well as her face, I knew Katie Kime.

College grounds again came into view. A man came down the steps of one of the homes near and made his way to the college. A woman stood on the steps watching him; and just before he disappeared from view he waved his hand to her. “That is the greatest Latin professor in America,” a voice was heard to say, “and that woman is his wife. It has been through

her assistance that he has reached such heights of fame." I hastened to look more closely, for I desired to see this woman, and there stood Belle Hicks smiling her farewell.

My gaze met the interior of an office situated in the capital of this State. A young woman was sitting at her desk. Records, notes, books yellow with age made a picturesque but studious background. There was a knock at the door, and an old grey-haired man entered and accepted the proffered seat.

"I address, I presume, the President of the North Carolina Historical Association," he said. The woman nodded assent. "If you wish any information in regard to North Carolina's part in the Civil War before your book goes to press, just call on me."

The young historian prepared to take notes, and as she did so I was proud to find that it was Edith Hassell.

Before I could hear more, the old man and the great historian were gone, and I looked instead upon the slum district of a city. Two young women, plainly but neatly dressed, walked eagerly along, one carrying a basket of food, the other a basket of flowers. As they passed, children ran out to speak to them. Tired and worn countenances at the broken windows lighted up as they passed. They entered a sombre looking building. Here hundreds of little ones were receiving not only training, but loving words to cheer them along their rugged way. These two daughters of mercy were Eleanor Huske and Annette Munds.

A charming scene next came to view. I stood looking upon the quarters of an army officer. Several spirited horses stood before the door, a gay party was on the porch making their preparation to mount. A graceful young woman was the first ready, and with laughing words she rode away, accompanied by two officers. The others were still carrying on an animated conversation and I heard one girl say to her escort:

"What is it about Mellie Cotchett that makes every man and girl her slave? Is she so fascinating she cannot be resisted?"

A dear little "Arts and Craft" office was the next to come in sight; so I was anxious to look within. I found that every

article, brass work, bound books, stencilling designs, woven rugs, and, indeed, everything were the handiwork of the two young women who were busily engaged with their wares. Magazines were lying near, and as the open pages caught my eye I noticed several articles signed with the names Annie Lee Harper and Anna Vernon.

The next sight which I beheld was a novel one in some respects. It was the interior of a well-equipped gymnasium; a class of perhaps sixty girls stood like cadets before the teacher, from whose lips orders fell so quickly I wondered they could be obeyed.

"Three times in each direction arms, sideways, downward, upward, stretch, prone falling—one—two—three—four." What marvelous work—not a mistake was made, but every one worked as if by magic. Indeed, the teacher must be a skillful one, and as the order for apparatus was given I caught a glimpse of her face and found to my surprise that it was Clyde Staneill.

The gymnasium changed to the streets of one of our cities. Evidently it was a gala day. A handsome carriage containing an elderly lady, a gentleman and a young woman came into view. As they came nearer I heard one of the jostling multitude exclaim:

"There is a woman who has done more for the women of her country than any other. By her talks and writings she has succeeded in convincing men that it is wise to give wives and daughters allowances."

I turned to look at the younger woman, for it was of her they spoke, and instantly recognized Mary Louise Brown.

I next obtained a view of the interior of a dressmaking department. Everything had the appearance of bustling activity. As some designed dresses, others cut them out. The owner of the establishment went her rounds, stopping often to give words of commendation, and I discovered that it was Louise Wooten.

With all the tempting baits of fruit, she had evidently found it more profitable to be head of this concern alone than to be only an assistant in an establishment for two.

I again viewed the streets of a city, where an imposing building attracted my attention. Many people passed within the

doors above which I saw the sign, "The Science of Advertising." I was then favored with a peep within and learned that it was a school where the science of this art was taught.

At this moment a woman came in, small, but business-like—no other than Willard Powers.

The next was a most beautiful view, and one that particularly appealed to me. It was the grounds of an old Colonial mansion which could be seen in the distance. Cots were placed beneath the shade and hammocks hung from every available place. Women were lying idle in these hammocks and on the cots, for what I now beheld was a hospital patronized by those who were broken down and needed a rest of body and mind. There were cries of delight and pleasure when the buggy drove up. And who do you think the doctor was? It was Alice Ledbetter.

The interior of a large department store took the place of the last scene. One portion of the first floor, a large portion, indeed, was set apart for the establishment known as the Woman's Exchange. Here all kinds of articles in the making of which women excel were brought and found ready purchasers. On neatly cushioned chairs women sat and talked over the best methods of cooking, sewing and embroidery.

The manager, a bustling, active young woman, was arranging her wares to appear to the best advantage, and at the same time giving advice to those who consulted her continually. The financier of this business sat at a desk nearby making out bills and taking orders. On going nearer, what was my amazement to find that the manager was Margaret Cooper, and the financier, Bessie Coats.

Happy because I had once again looked upon each classmate, I bent over the little pool in the hope that I might have a glimpse of my own future. The clear pool only served as a mirror for my eager features, so I turned away comforted by the visions I had already been permitted to see, and blessing the little sprite for the pleasure he had given me.

Last Will and Testament

IT is customary among great personages before they "shuffle off this mortal coil" to leave some directions as to the disposal of their property. In view of this fact, the Class of 1910, realizing that the end of its existence is near at hand, announces to an expectant and admiring world the following generous bequests:

With the hope that each several item may be held in high esteem, we, the Class of 1910, all of whom have sound bodies and a few sound minds, do declare this to be our last will and testament:

Item I. We give and bequeath to the Class of 1911:

(1) Senior Hall, with all the quiet atmosphere appertaining thereto, feeling that for those who aspire to become our successors it is the most personal gift we could bestow.

(2) A "Plan Book" in which they may plan many valuable lessons.

(3) And last, but greatest, we do will to said Class our love and best wishes for a happy Senior year.

Item II. To the Class of 1912:

(1) We do give and bequeath all of our Athletic Ambitions. Under their careful guidance we hope that Athletics will reach such a degree of success that walking period will be the most enjoyable season of the day.

(2) Since the Class of 1912 has so well assumed the responsibility of St. Valentine, we wish to leave our hearts in their keeping, provided that the bequest herein made shall not be interpreted as denying to any member of the present graduating class the womanly prerogative of a change of mind with transfer of guardianship to other party or parties concerned.

Item III. To the Class of 1913:

(1) As we have already disposed of our love and best wishes, our Athletic Ambitions, and also our hearts, we do give to the Class of 1913 any remaining aspirations not hitherto or

hereinafter mentioned, hoping that they will aid them in becoming a mighty factor in this institution and in the State.

(2) That they may have no trouble about a suitable place for their Class Day celebrations, we further give to the Class of 1913 this sturdy evergreen, which they can move from place to place as their pleasure dictates.

Item IV. To the Second Preparatory girls:

We do give and bequeath our Class Colors, with the desire and expectation that Green and White may be loved by them as by us.

Item V. To the First Preparatory girls:

Since your noble predecessors in office have already been given a ladder by means of which they might climb, yeast by means of which they might rise; so we now give to you, beloved, this fair and goodly dynamite, the specific purposes of which are left to your own vivid imaginations.

As there remain a few cherished possessions which by common consent we feel should be carefully preserved, we entrust to the sacred guardianship of the individual members into which this unit is about to dissolve the following articles:

(1) To *Bell Andrews* we give and bequeath this traveling bag, with the hope that she may travel over the whole country and some day return to relate to her less fortunate classmates the wonders of "the wide, wide world."

(2) To *Mary Louise Brown* we bequeath this five cents with which she may begin her first private purse.

(3) To *Bessie Coats* we bequeath this bank book, in which she may record her numerous transactions of financial moment.

(4) To *Mellie Cotchett*, whose appreciation of things feline is not all that we could wish, we leave this little animal, with the hope that by daily intercourse with it she may develop a lasting fondness for the species.

(5) To *Margaret Cooper* we give this selection of verses which may be of use to her in selecting recitations for her pupils.

(6) To *Annie Davis* we bequeath this little green parrot, hoping she may be able to teach him to answer her questions and to converse amiably with her when she is far removed from Physics Laboratory and the Class of 1910.

(7) To *Lula Dixon* we give this Browning motto, that she may ever have before her the ideals of one who so infinitely surpasses Tennyson in her estimation.

(8) To *Annie Lee Harper* we give this book, in which she may write down all her recipes for making candy.

(9) To *Edith Hassell* we bequeath this watch, with the hope that it may assist her in meeting her engagements promptly.

(10) To *Emily Hyman* we do give and bequeath an old homestead surrounded by "Groves," where she may read Browning, Tennyson, her beloved Shelley and her diary.

(11) To *Eleanor Huske* we give this tennis racket, wishing her continued success and, at least, one "love game" among the number.

(12) In solicitous apprehension of what might ensue should *Belle Hicks* be rudely severed from her favorite pastime, we give to her this Latin Grammar. May it in some degree recall the many happy moments spent over its open pages.

(13) That *Margaret John* may not bring disgrace upon herself or us, we give her this book on "How to Acquire Dignity." Also this bottle of spirits, thought by some to be efficacious in arousing animation.

(14) To *Viola Keeler* we award this tuning fork, praying it may serve her well in teaching vocal music in the schools of our State.

(15) To *Katie Kime* we give this retort, which may be of aid to her in the Chemistry Laboratory, as well as in the classroom.

(16) To *Alice Ledbetter*, in sympathetic appreciation of her desire to become a great Geologist, we give these rocks, in which she may discover the great questions that have troubled Geologists for the past centuries.

(17) As we fully appreciate the sad extent to which one member of our flock stands in need of protection against the

wolves of the world, we will *Clara Lamb* this Little Minister.

(18) *Annie Moring*, "we never gave a lock of hair away, dearest, except this to thee."

(19) We give to *Annette Munds* this little pig, which we hope will give as much pleasure and comfort to her in after life, as one little "piggie" did in her Senior year.

(20) On *Annie Martin* we bestow this man, hoping that the gift may prove as successful as "The Loan of a Lover."

(21) Fearing that in her zealous prosecution of biological studies *Mary McCulloch* may "run out" of specimens, we give to her this frog.

(22) To *Edith Mason* we will this lot of fourth grade school children, trusting that she will get as much pleasure out of them as she has out of those in the Training School.

(23) For *Winnie McWhorter* we can devise no greater joy than that she may be permitted to attend a circus. Therefore, we give her this ticket which will admit her to Barnum & Bailey's Big Show.

(24) We do give and bequeath to *Willard Powers* this picture frame, in which to preserve the image of her ideal, whose "net" value is great.

(25) To *Eunice Roberts*, so eminently qualified both by natural and acquired endowments for success in mathematical instruction, we give these cubes and squares, by means of which she may present the difficult subject in concrete form.

(26) As we realize that "Aunt Betty" has about exhausted her store of complimentary epithets, and appreciating fully her desire of using them, we give to *Elizabeth Robinson* the following list.

(27) To *Pearle Robertson* we give this program, on which she may find a vacant period to confer with the head of the Department of Physics concerning our gift to the College.

(28) To *Clyde Stancill* we give and bequeath (a) this certificate, which certifies that she will be henceforth exempt from playing basket-ball, and also from the study of Geology.

(b) On account of Clyde's fondness for pretty pencils, we do give her this one, with the hope that it may become "Blunt."

(29) To *Marion Stevens* we give this photograph book.

(30) To *Jane Summerell* we bequeath a good case of the mumps, together with this medicine, which is a sure cure for same. #

(31) In view of the fact that *Anna Vernon* has not had time to receive the full number of letters given for well-performed work in Athletics, we do give her the other two, realizing her eminent fitness for this honor.

(32) We do give to *Louise Wooten* this bunch of sour grapes, which will probably grow sweeter when she realizes that she loves.

(33) To *Nora Belle Wilson* we give this pen, with the hope that she may keep in touch with her classmates, even though much time be devoted to John.

(34) To *Laura Weill* we give this pony. He is a handsome, spirited little fellow and will bear her safely to a haven of bliss. We trust that he may be of great service to her in making the joys of life a "Stern" reality.

Although we have disposed of all of our personal belongings, there is still one thing to which we have some claim, namely, an owl. We relinquish all claim to this creature in favor of the Professor of Biology, with the warning that he will not lend it to any one else to will away.

As we have received so many, many benefits from the College, we feel that we have nothing good enough to offer in return. In order to show in some degree our appreciation to our Alma Mater we do give it the best that we have, namely:

(1) We do give and bequeath to the State Normal and Industrial College "this light to brighten paths hitherto trodden in darkness."

(2) We do give and bequeath this College Song, which may aid in increasing College spirit.

(3) We do give and bequeath our motto, "Service."

(4) And last, but greatest, we do give and bequeath our lives, which we dedicate to the service of the State.

We hereby nominate and appoint Aunt Mandy and Zeke executors of this will, to carry out its provisions according to the directions given.

In witness we hereunto subscribe our hands and seal on this, the twenty-third day of May, nineteen hundred and ten.

[Signed]

CLASS OF 1910.

1910 Tree Song

A year has passed with fleeting days,
With days both bright and drear,
Since first we planted our brave oak
And left it standing here.
The emblem of the class we love—
Our oak has spread and grown;
It has increased in power and strength
As our class, too, has done.

CHORUS:

Grow, little oak,
Into a splendid tree—
The hope of nineteen hundred ten,
Our tribute, Class, to thee.

A winter's snow both white and cold
Thus decked its branches bare;
The breezes of a gentle spring
Have sung a song so rare
That tiny leaves crept out to hear
The pleasant soft refrain.
Then summer's sun upon it shone,
On it fell summer's rain.—*Cho.*

A lesson deep we learn from you,
That through our lives will stay.
As firm as oak, which never gives,
We'll stand though come what may,
And hand in hand we'll forward press,
A loyal band, and true,
Our motto service on our lips,
Our thought, oak, turned toward you.—*Cho.*

At last, O tree, the day will come
When nineteen ten must tear
Itself away from you, dear oak,
From friends and college dear.
Then may the rustle of your leaves,
Soft as the breath of spring,
A message true and fraught with love
From nineteen ten's class bring.—*Cho.*

The following pages are lovingly dedicated to

Our Sister Classes

the Classes who have worn

the Green and White

Class of 1898

OFFICERS

MARGARET McCaULL	PRESIDENT
CLEE WINSTEAD.....	VICE-PRESIDENT
WINNIE REDFERN	SECRETARY
MINNIE HUFFMAN	TREASURER
FLORENCE PANNILL	PROPHET
ELSIE GWYN	POET
LINA WIGGINS	HISTORIAN

CLASS ROLL

LOTTIE AREY	MARGARET McCaULL
OELAND BARNETT	ELLEN SAUNDERS
SUSAN BATTLE	BESSIE SIMMS
ANNA FOLSOM	NAN STRUDWICK
SADIE HANES	MARY TINNIN
BESSIE HARDING	EVELINA WIGGINS
ROSA HOLT	CLEE WINSTEAD
SARAH KELLEY	LYDIA YATES
MAMIE McGEHEE	JULIA DAMERON
ELLA MOSELEY	LILLIE BONEY
HATTIE MOSELEY	MINNIE HUFFMAN
FLORENCE PANNILL	ELSIE GWYN
SUSAN PARSLEY	SUSIE McDONALD

WINNIE REDFERN

Class Song—1898

It seems to us but yesterday,
So swift our school-days' flight,
Since we, the first real Freshman Class,
First donned the green and white,
But years have passed, and many a joy
And sorrow have we seen,
And, Seniors, now, we still are proud
To wear the white and green.

We come to sing no solemn strain
Of sad farewell to-day,
For partings sad have still their joy,
They cannot last away,
For each loved spot a lingering look,
A sigh of fond regret,
Before we bid farewell to scenes
We never can forget.

Our Alma Mater now we leave
With loyal hearts and true,
In other broader paths of life
Each has her work to do,
How well her interests here we've served,
Let our successor tell;
Our hardest duty now has come
In bidding her farewell.

To you we will not say farewell,
Dear friends, who here remain,
For where's the heart that dares to sigh
We shall not meet again?
And tho' the future now may hold
For each a different fate,
We'll be so long as memory lasts
The Class of '98.

Class of 1902

OFFICERS

LULA NOEL	PRESIDENT
IDA COWAN	VICE-PRESIDENT
CORA STOCKTON	SECRETARY
MINNIE FIELD	TREASURER
ANNETTE MORTON	HISTORIAN
CARRIE SPARGER	POET
FLORENCE MAYERBERG	PROPHET

CLASS ROLL

SALLIE ALLEN	FLORENCE MAYERBERG
CORA ASBURY	MARY SCOTT MONROE
LILA AUSTIN	ANNETTE MORTON
ANNIE BEAMAN	FANNIE MOSELEY
MARGARET BELL	VIRGINIA NEWBY
SUSIE BOWLING	LULA NOEL
VIRGINIA BROWN	CATHERINE PACE
DAPHNE CARROWAY	JULIA PASMORE
FANNIE COLE	ALMA PITTMAN
IDA COWAN	CARRIE SPARGER
IONE DUNN	ELISE STAMPS
MINNIE FIELD	ANNIE STEWART
FANNIE FREEMAN	CORA STOCKTON
ANNIE HARRISON	BETTIE TRIPP
SADIE KLUTZ	SALLIE TUCKER
JENNIE LEGGETT	NEITA WATSON
ELLA MALLISON	JESSIE WILLIAMS

Class Song—1902

TUNE: "La Paloma"

How sweet a reward have our aims and trials gained,
How blithesome and gay our sports, pastimes and plays!
What memories sweeter can our short lives contain,
When fast-fleeting moments call back those happy days?
More to us now than all the work begun,
Dearer than all the gay, happy sports and plays,
Noblest and highest are friends that we have won,
As lingering time brought other and brighter days.

CHORUS:

Let us sing now with joy,
May no fate us annoy.
With fond hope and cheer our race shall run,
Whatever the task begun.

Ne'er come the day we forget our friendships true,
Or ever the maids with happy and merry ways,
But growing regard for loved ones and friends we'll woo,
As oncoming time brings sadder and stranger days.
Now let our lives, dear Lord, in fullness grow,
Day after day constant and living praise
To Thee who carest for us and guard us so,
Tenderly watchful, numberest all our days.—*Cho.*

Class of 1906

OFFICERS

JOSIE DOWD	PRESIDENT
SALLIE HYMAN	VICE-PRESIDENT
ESTELLE DAVIS	SECRETARY
BLANCH STACEY	TREASURER
META SIKES	HISTORIAN
ESTELLA BLOUNT	POET
HELEN HICKS	PROPHET

CLASS ROLL

JANET AUSTIN	HELEN HICKS
MARY BENBOW	MARGARET HORSFIELD
STELLA BLOUNT	SALLIE HYMAN
WILLIE BROWN	META SIKES
ESTELLE DAVIS	EMMA McKINNEY
DAISY DONNELL	HATTIE MARTIN
JOSIE DOWD	HATTIE O'BERRY
CARRIE GLENN	BLANCHE STACY
CARRIE GRAEBER	FLORENCE TERRELL
MAY HAMPTON	JENNIE TODD
ELIZABETH HICKS	MATTIE WINFIELD

Class Song—1906

TUNE: "Maryland"

We are the Class of 1906,
Glorious, glorious band are we,
Flouts in the air our green and white;
Ever, ever let it be,
Rich in hopes and priceless fame,
Fearlessly the way we tread,
With stout, brave hearts and voices clear,
And by our cherished banner led.

While achieving and succeeding,
In our memory let us fix,
Rain or storm or sunshine,
We're the Class of 1906,
Proud we are of naughty six
And we'll ever hold it dear,
Tho' the years may pass away
For its honor we'll not fear.

Then onward, ever onward,
Let this our watchword be
Until the goal is reached at last,
And our reward we see,
With hearts that beat for green and white,
"Excelsior" for our motto,
We need not ever hesitate,
Or fear the mightiest foe.

Then let us raise our voices high,
And give a sounding cheer,
We are the Class of 1906,
Sound it far and sound it near:
Then rah, rah, rah, for naughty six!
Glorious, glorious band are we,
Rah, rah, rah, for green and white,
Ever, ever let it be!

JUNIOR



E.R.B.

M.L.

Junior Class

COLORS: Red and White

FLOWER: Red Carnation

MOTTO: Als ich kann

OFFICERS

FALL TERM

CATHERINE JONES	PRESIDENT
MAREA JORDAN	VICE-PRESIDENT
OLIVIA BURBAGE	SECRETARY
BESSIE BENNETT	TREASURER
ALLIE PARSONS	CRITIC

SPRING TERM

FRANCES BROADFOOT	PRESIDENT
DELORAH STEPP	VICE-PRESIDENT
MARY WALTERS	SECRETARY
HULDAH SLAUGHTER	TREASURER
BERTHA DANIEL	CRITIC

CLASS ROLL

LILY BATTERHAM	CATHARINE JONES
ROSE BATTERHAM	MAREA JORDAN
BESSIE BENNETT	ZANNIE KOONCE
ANTOINETTE BLACK	NANNIE LACY
FRANCES BROADFOOT	EDITH LATHAM
ANNIE G. BROWN	MINNIE LITTMAN
OLIVIA BURBAGE	ADELAIDE MORROW
BERTHA DANIEL	KATHARINE NORFLEET
JESSIE EARNHARDT	NATALIE NUNN
CATHARINE ERVIN	ALLIE PARSONS
GEORGIE FAISON	MARGARET PICKETT
MARGARET FAISON	HULDAH SLAUGHTER
ALMA FOUNTAIN	DELORAH STEPP
GERTRUDE GLENN	ADA VIELE
RUBY GRAY	MARY WALTERS
PEARL HOLLOWAY	ANNIE LOUISE WILLS
MYRTLE JOHNSTON	LELIA WHITE



JUNIOR CLASS

Freshman



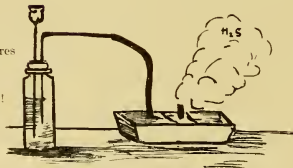
So fresh, and new, and verdant, we
In biting frosts set out our tree,
This little rooster crows with glee,
Because it was done successfully.

Freshman

March the twenty-eighth, nineteen and eight,
Freshmen and Sophomores stayed up late,
Miss Matilda Jenkyns gave a tea,
And the Sophs entertained most royally.

Sophomore

The Fresh turned Sophomores
A busy class,
In chemistry lab
We were choked with gas!





Sophomore

In the Sophomore year our lives were hard,
 For we studied much with our reward:
 Sixes were the worst we had to fear,
 Because they don't give sevens here.

Junior

The Hall of Fame was a temple fair,
 Where sat a queen of noble air,
 With a wreath of laurel, and a crown of gold
 She crowned the worthiest, as in days of old.



Junior

What means that Junior's wistful gaze?
 What is she dreaming of these days?
 She is building castles in the air
 Of days when she'll be a Senior fair.

Junior Class Song

TUNE: "When the Swallows Homeward Fly"

Hail to thee, beloved Class!
While college days swift onward pass,
Till we reach the goal we seek,
And in thy praise our deeds shall speak.
We to thee will true remain.
In the joy of serving thee
Let us sing this glad refrain:

Ever, aye, ever,
Aye true we'll be
To thee, to thee, our Class,
We love so well.

"Als ich kann," our motto here,
Will help us in years drawing near.
When we each must take a part
With those who give both hand and heart
Gladly their state to serve.
From there we ne'er shall swerve,
Nor from the Class that's trained us well.



Sophomore Class

MOTTO: Loyal in Everything

COLORS: Lavender and White

FLOWER: Violet

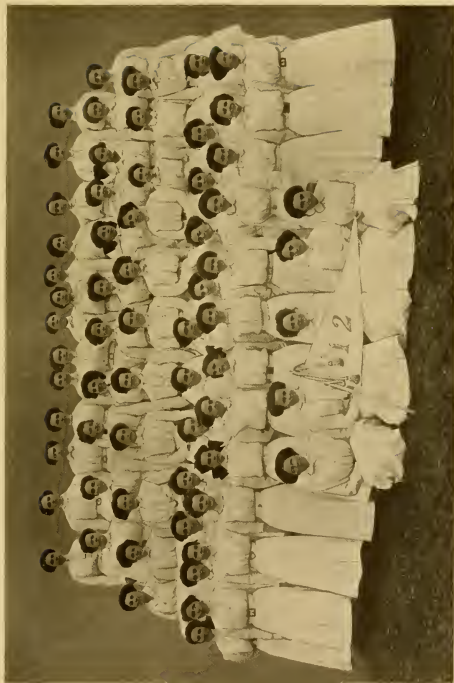
YELL: Yickety! yackety! yickety! yack!
 Rip ra! rip ra! rip ra, rack!
 Sss!!! Boom!! Bah! Rip-ra-relve!
 Sophomores! Sophomores!
 Nineteen-twelve!

OFFICERS

FIRST TERM	SECOND TERM
ETHEL SKINNER.....	PRESIDENT.....MARY K. BROWN
ANNIE M. POLLARD.....	VICE-PRESIDENT.....ALICE MORRISON
EDNA DRAUGHN.....	SECRETARY.....CLYDE FIELDS
ORA LEE BROWN.....	TREASURER.....FAY DAVENPORT
LUCY ROBERTSON.....	CRITIC.....MARGARET WILSON

CLASS ROLL

IVOR AYCOCK	MAY GREEN	ALICE MORRISON
LETA BERRY	ANNIE GREEN	MILDRED MOSES
LEAH BODDIE	LENA GREEN	KATE LEA OWEN
SABRA BROGDEN	MYRTLE GREEN	ANNIE M. POLLARD
MARY K. BROWN	ALICE HARRIS	MARY VAN POOLE
ORA LEE BROWN	JEAN HENDERSON	ANNIE LAURIE RAMSAY
JAMIE BRYAN	MABEL HODGES	ELIZABETH RANKIN
HATTIE BURCH	MARY HUDSON	LUCY ROBERTSON
EMILY CANADY	FLORENCE HUNT	SARAH RUTLEDGE
CLAUDIA CASHWELL	REBECCA HERRING	ETHEL SKINNER
ANNIE CHERRY	MARY HUNTER	MARY SLAUGHTER
DORA COATS	HAZEL HUNT	KATIE SMITH
MARGARET COBB	ETHEL IVKY	THELMA SMITH
MADGE COBLE	MABEL JETTON	ETHEL SMOAK
MAGGIE COBLE	MARGARET JOHNSON	PATTY SPRULL
INEZ CROOM	NELLIE JOHNSON	GRACE STANFORD
ANNIE CUMMINGS	BESSIE JORDAN	KATE STYRON
FAY DAVENPORT	AMY JOSEPH	SARAH TULBERT
EDNA DRAUGHN	ARA JORDAN	ROSE TURNER
GRACE EATON	LUCILE KENNETT	EMMA VICKERY
LUCILE ELLIOT	LOUISE LUCAS	JANET WEIL
LILLIAN FIELD	NAN MCARN	ELLA WELLS
CLYDE FIELDS	MAYO MCCURRY	PAULINE WHITLEY
REBA FOST	ETHEL MCNAIRY	MARGARET WILSON
LOUISA GILL	FLORENCE MITCHELL	NELL WITHERINGTON



SOPHOMORE CLASS

"Who's Who in the College?"

"Who's WHO in the College?
Is there any doubt upon that score
In the mind with any knowledge?
It's the learned Sophomore!

The Freshmen small, the Juniors tall, and Seniors, all adore
The pretty face, the comely grace of the model Sophomore.

The dominant tone of this class of renown
Is at present a quiet and beautiful Brown.

If for committees she tries to win her,
The Faculty member will surely Skinner.

She has a valiant captain strong,
To whom the basket-balls belong.

Green—with envy—and firm in mind
On the Bell-Cup Trophy her name shall be lined.

Her treasures you ne'er can steal away,
For she guards her goal as a Kat(e) her prey.

For tennis she has patriarch Moses,
Who makes desperate love for each that opposes.

Her mascot—Ay-cock—is eternally crowing,
And *fresh* English notes forever is blowing!

To a counsellor wise she may always go,
Who stands her true in Weil or woe.

Problems *Petty*, besides affairs of *state*,
Interest her Democratic candidate.

She fears a Juvenal member from *satires* will fall ill—
She's not content to measure her reading by the Gill.

She's not backward either in claiming real estate—
Meadows wrapt in *English* mist on Mitchell's lofty pate.

You see what grace this wisdom earns—
If any dares this class to spurn
The saintly Santa Claus returns—
"I move that we adjourn!"

The Violets

(With apologies to Avery.)

The Sophomores again—little dummie Sophomores, and there is their clear, strong howl at dawn! One would pull down the window and stop his ears—flee from this fearful, this nerve-racking music exploding in the park. They have a great weakness in lack of dignity, but the College seems pervaded with a kind of tolerance. There is a deeper glow on the faces of these children—their little brains are inflated with scholastic gas—the Freshman green has taken on bluish hue—wrought by the Diamond Dye of the Faculty. And *they claim* the subtle charm of violets—little presumptuous, conceited imps, but *dear* to love's patron—St. Valentine. Restful (?), quaint, little flowers, these—*simple*, appealing (to the Faculty!)—flowers to place in the Bell-Cup won—to give as a seemly tribute to Senior “eases”—to swell the cash-register at Van Lindley's—such dear, peaceful (?) little flowers, growing up in these college walls—emblems of their Alma Mater's *simplest* and most honest, striving to acquire the Junior stateliness and longing for permissionless trips to Hutton's.

Sophomore Class Song

Loyal ever, comrades!
Ever strong and true,
For love and truth and honor
Are to our dear Class due.

CHORUS:

Loyal in all shall our motto be!
Loyal in all we'll succeed for thee!
Dear Class of 1912, we will succeed for thee!
Dear Class of 1912, we will succeed for thee!

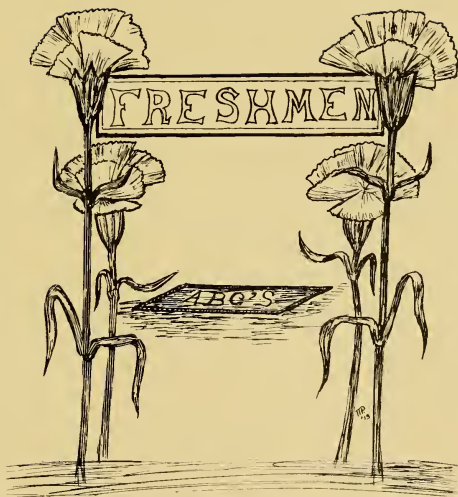
Onward, ever onward!
Our watchword this shall be,
For ever 'mongst the proudest
The white and lavender must be.

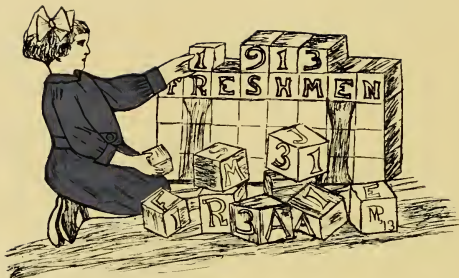
A Toast

Here's to the pride of the nation—
The Union's strongest state;
The truest, the bravest, the freest,
Carolina, the Old North State.

Here's to the pride of Carolinians—
The bulwark of the State;
The College that's fairest and noblest,
The Normal—grand and great!

'12.





MOTTO: Excelsior

COLORS: Blue and White

FLOWER: White Carnation

YELL: Clickety! Clackety! Clickety! Clack!
 Rickety! Rackety! Rickety! Rack!
 Rickety! Rackety! Rickety! Reen!
 Freshmen, Freshmen, nineteen-thirteen!

OFFICERS

FIRST TERM

SECOND TERM

MATTIE MORGAN.....	PRESIDENT.....	CORINNA MIAL
MARY PORTER.....	VICE-PRESIDENT.....	SARA RICHARDSON
ELIZABETH POLLARD.....	TREASURER.....	MARGARET MANN
FLORENCE HILDEBRAND	SECRETARY.....	MARY TENNENT
SARA RICHARDSON.....	CRITIC.....	LURA BROGDEN
MARY NIXON.....	ANNUAL EDITOR.....	MARY NIXON

CLASS ROLL

EULA ALEXANDER
 GERTRUDE ALLEN
 MARY LOUISE AYERS
 FANNIE BAGBY
 ELLEN DOUGLAS BIZZELL
 DELLA BLEVENS
 KATHLEEN BOGART
 MARY BOLICH

ETHEL BOLLUNGER
 MAMIE BOREN
 MARY BROGDEN
 ROSEDNA BROWN
 MARY BRUNER
 MARY BRUTON
 ELIZABETH BUNCH
 LAURA CAMPBELL



FRESHMAN CLASS

FRESHMAN CLASS—CONTINUED.

LOUISE CRAWFORD	LOYIE MASON
KATHERINE CRAWFORD	MARY WOOD MCKENZIE
ELIZABETH CRAIG	PEARL McNEILL
LILLIAN CRISP	CUSTYS MEREDITH
LALLAH DAUGHETY	CORINNA MIAL
RUTH DEANS	RETHA MOFFITT
BEULAH DOBBIN	ELIZA MOORE
PHOEBE EDMUNDS	ROSE INEZ MOOSE
MABEL ELLIS	MATTIE MORGAN
RUTH FAISON	HATTIE MOTZNO
ISABELL FLEMING	MARY NIXON
CARRIE GILL	ISABEL PEYISON
ELIZABETH GRAY	ALICE PHELPS
GERTRUDE GRIFFIN	LUCILLE PIKE
IONE GROGAN	ELIZABETH POLLARD
MERIEL GROVES	MARY PORTER
RENA GUDGER	GERTRUDE RADCLIFFE
LUCY HAMILTON	MILDRED RANKIN
MARY HANES	ANNIE REDWINE
MILDRED HARRINGTON	SARA RICHARDSON
MARGARET HARDISON	KATHERINE ROBINSON
ALLEN HART	LIZZIE RODDICK
BAIN HENDERSON	CHRISTINE RUTLEDGE
STELLA HOFFMAN	NAOMI SCHELL
CECILE HOLT	MADGE SHIELDS
ESTHER HORN	ANNIE SMITH
MYRTLE HORNEY	PATTIE SPURGEON
LILLIAN HUNT	ALMA STEWART
SUSIE HYMAN	SALLIE SUMNER
FLORENCE HILDEBRAND	BETTIE TAYLOR
VERTA IDOL	GRETCHEN TAYLOR
SADIE INGLE	JANE TAYLOR
BESSIE INGRAM	PEARL TEMPLE
FLORENCE JEFFRESS	MARY TENNENT
ISALINE JILCOTT	BESSIE TERRY
FLOY JOHNSON	CARRIE TOOMER
ELIZABETH JONES	IDA THOMPSON
EVA JORDAN	LINA TURNER
CORNELIA JOSEY	MARY WELLONS
MARIANNA JUSTICE	ALICE WHITSON
VERNA LEGGET	MARY WINBOURNE
RACHEL LYNCH	ANNA WILLIAMS
MATTIE McKINNY	BELLE TILLINGHAST
MARGARET MANN	LOU WEST

Looking Backward

The time had come for parting, and was drawing—oh, so near!
When we must leave our homefolks, and friends we love so dear,
To go away to college, in a distant, unknown clime,
And there win glories for our names and in our classes shine.

The long and tiresome journey o'er, we reached this sought-for land;
We arrived safe in Greensboro, a tired and weary band.
They took us to the Normal, and here we've had to stay,
Toiling, hoping, fearing, to this very day.

At first we were a mass of girls without a regulation,
And green, well yes, I guess we were, we reached the combination;
We did those things we should not do without a thought of erring,
No matter what the deed might be, we didn't think of caring.

But way back in our minds was stored a secret meditation
Of what our class was going to be after its organization;
And at last one day, to our surprise, Mr. Forney called a meeting,
And then, "Who shall our president be?" was every Freshman's greeting.

A regular meeting was next announced, the terms were quite official;
You bet we felt important, the meeting was initial.
Since then we've cherished love and loyal feeling, too,
For the Class of 1913, the class of white and blue.

Then came initiation with all its hopes and dread,
When in the realms of secrecy we Freshmen would be led;
It was a revelation to us Freshmen, bold and green,
But when it was all over, we were the proudest ever seen.

The Sophomore entertainment was the next thing great and grand,
Each Freshman got a billet-doux and this is how it ran:
"On Saturday evening in December, the fifth day minus one,
To Curry Building each Freshman come for an evening of fun."

They entertained us royally, old Santa Claus was there,
The stockings were quite bulky, and the favors were quite rare;
We came away delighted with our evening spent in fun,
And here's our love for the Sophomores, each and every one.

Another thing of mention was the silent, stealthy tread
With which we naughty Freshmen slipped away with fear and dread,
Lest some one should be spying from window or from wall
To find out our great secret, the biggest one of all.

We reached our destination all safe and sound, at last,
And there our tree was adopted by the members of the class.
It was a sturdy gum tree at the entrance to the park,
The ceremonies were carried on under cover of the dark.

We trust we've made a great success of this one Freshman year,
And if we have, there is no cause the coming years to fear.
In all the tasks before us set, we've done them with our might,
And to the last we'll loyal be to the good old blue and white.

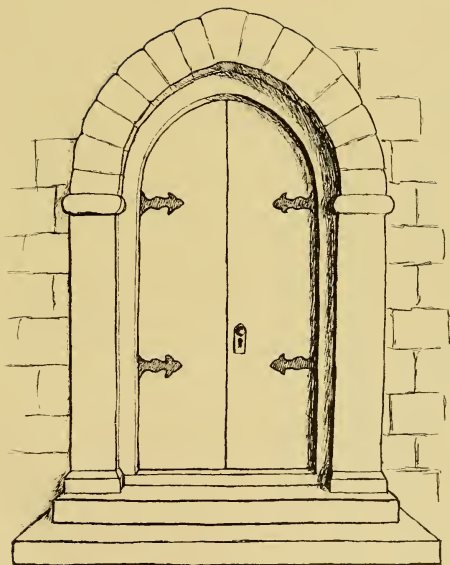
College Song

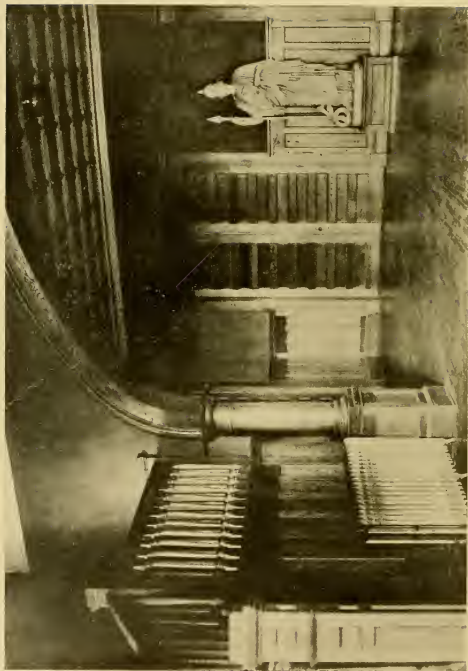
(Submitted by the Class of 1910.)

We raise our voices, let them swell
In a chorus clear and strong;
The rolling hills send back the sound
Of our triumphant song;
For in one great, unbroken band,
With loyal hearts and true,
Your daughters stand, and hand in hand,
Sing, College dear, to you!

Our college days run swiftly by,
And all too soon we part;
But in the years that are to come,
Deep-graven on each heart,
Our motto, "Service," will remain.
And service we will do;
And as we serve our thoughts will turn,
O College dear, to you!

Dear Alma Mater, strong and great,
We never can forget
The gratitude we owe to you—
A never-ending debt,
All honor to your name we give,
Our love we pledge anew,
Unfailing loyalty we bring,
O College dear, to you!

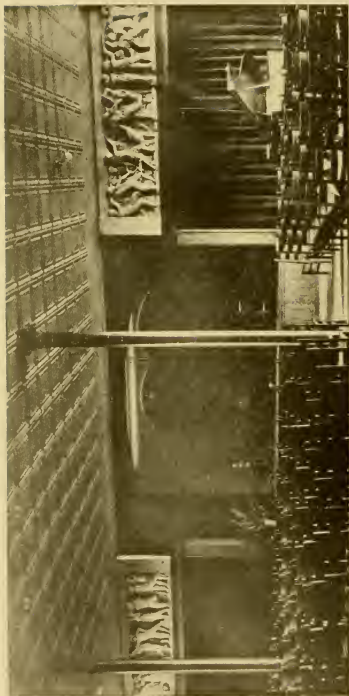




HALL OF STUDENTS' BUILDING

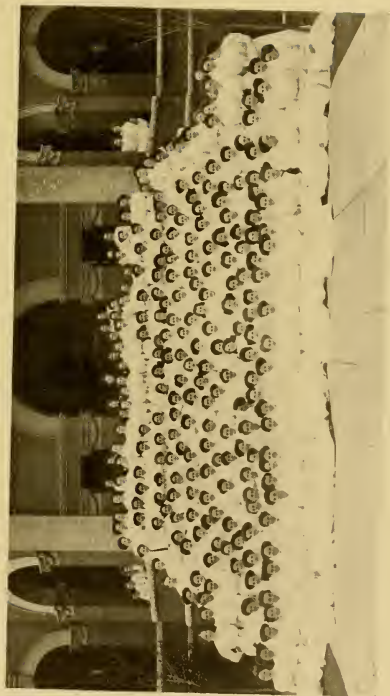
A Toast

May our societies grow with every passing year
In nobility and steadfastness of purpose;
In ability to "discern the Great from the Trivial;"
In courage to stand for what is solid and simple;
In graciousness and generosity of spirit.
And may we in sisterly unity of hand and heart
Strive to make our college a fitting home
For all that is "pure and honorable and lovely
And of good report."



CORNELIAN SOCIETY HALL.





CORNELIAN LITERARY SOCIETY

Cornelian Society Roll

EULA ALEXANDER	DORA COATS
NETTIE ALLBRIGHT	MAGGIE COBLE
GERTRUDE ALLEN	EDNA COHEN
BELLE ANDREWS	EFFIE COUCH
DELLA ARNOLD	ELIZABETH CRAIG
FANNIE BAGBY	BESSIE CRAVEN
MAGGIE BAME	FRANCES CRAVEN
MAE BARNES	HATTIE CROMARTIE
JULIA BARTLETT	INEZ CROOM
BESSIE BENNETT	MARY CROOM
JESSIE BIGGS	ANNIE CUMMINGS
EUNICE BIZZELL	LILLIAN DALTON
ANTOINETTE BLACK	BERTHA DANIEL
LESSIE BLACK	FANNY DARLINGTON
KATHLEEN BOGART	LALLAH DAUGHETY
MARY BOLACK	ESTELLE DAVIS
ETHEL BOLLINGER	FAY DAYENPORT
JOY BRIGGS	RUBY DEAL
DELPHINE BROWN	EDNA DRAUGHN
MAE BROWN	BESSIE DUVALL
MARY K. BROWN	RUTH DEANS
LURA BROGDEN	LOTTIE DICKSON
SABRA BROGDEN	ZULA DICKSON
MARY BRUTON	JESSIE EARNHARDT
OLIVIA BURBAGE	GRACE EATON
HATTIE BURCH	MAMIE EATON
BESSIE BURLESON	LILLIAN EDGERTON
NETTIE BURLESON	ADA EDWARDS
CLARA BURT	VIRGINIA ELLER
CORRIE CABLE	LUCILLE ELLIOT
EMILY CANADY	MARTHA FAISON
MARY CAMPBELL	RUTH FAISON
EULA LEE CARTER	CLYDE FIELDS
ROBERTA LEE CARTER	LILLIAN FIELD
CLAUDIA CASHWELL	KATE HAYS FLEMING
NORA CARPENTER	LIZZIE KATE FORD
LUCILLE CAVENAUGH	PINKIE FORNEY
ANNIE CHERRY	CLARA FOY

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JESSIE GAINES	MARY HUNTER
ANNIE MAY GIBBS	ELEANOR HUSKE
ANNIE GIBSON	AGNES HYMAN
LOUISE NORTH GILL	SUSIE HYMAN
GERTRUDE GLENN	VERTA IDOL
ETHEL GOLDSTON	SADIE INGEL
FONNIE GRAY	ETHEL IVEY
EDNA GRAVES	ISALENE JILCOTT
JESSIE GREEN	CLARA JOHNSON
LENA GREEN	FLOY JOHNSON
MAY GREEN	NELLIE JOHNSON
MYRTLE GREEN	MYRTLE JOHNSTON
LILA GRIER	RUTH JOHNSTON
MARY BELLE GRIER	ANNIE JONES
RENA GUDGER	ARA JORDAN
MINNIE GARRISON	BESSIE JORDAN
ZORA HANNAH	EMILY JOYNER
ANNIE LEE HARPER	RUTH KERNODLE
ANNIE HARDEN	ROSE KENNEDY
MARGARET HARDISON	KATIE KIME
ANNIE BELLE HARRIS	ANNIE KIRBY
INA HARRIS	MAZIE KIRKPATRICK
ELIZABETH HARRY	ZANNIE KOONCE
ALLEN HART	NANNIE LACY
EDITH HASSELL	CLARA LAMBE
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JEAN HENDERSON	GEORGIE LATON
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ESTER HORNE	ANNIE MARTIN
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CORNELIAN SOCIETY ROLL—Continued

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JEANNETTE MUSGROVE	ROSA SPRUILL
MARY NIXON	SADIE SPRUILL
ELIZABETH NORFLEET	PATTIE SPURGEON
KATHERINE NORFLEET	KATE STYRON
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GERTRUDE PERSONS	MARION SAINT SING
NELLIE PEARY	CORNELIA STEEL
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ELIZABETH POLLARD	CARRIE TOOMER
WILLARD POWERS	ETTA TOPPING
ANNABEL PRATT	MOLLIE TOWNSEND
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ANNIE LAURIE RAMSEY	ALLIE VANN
ANNIE REDWINE	MARY VANN POOLE
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MARY WALTERS	NORA BELLE WILSON
JANET WEIL	ROBERTA WOMBLE
MARY RAND WELLONS	LOUISE WOOTEN
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Cornelia

ONE night, many, many years ago, a feast was given to which Scipio Africannus, a great Roman general, together with the noble senators and other great friends of Scipio, were invited. While they were feasting together the veteran patrician was asked by the friends about him to give his beautiful young daughter, Cornelia, to Tiberius Gracchus, a young man of a plebeian family. This young man was then about twenty-five years old, had traveled and fought in different parts of the world, and had obtained a high reputation for manliness and courage. He was a warm friend of Scipio, and had defended him many times in public life; so the great commander readily agreed to the request of his friends.

When Scipio first told his wife that he had given away their daughter, she scolded him for being so rash; but when she heard the name of the young man to whom Cornelia was to be given, she said that Gracchus was the only person worthy of the gift.

These two young people lived happily together for many years and then Tiberius died, leaving twelve children to the care of his wife. A beautiful story is told of the devotion of Tiberius for Cornelia. It is said he once found in his bed-chamber two snakes. Upon consulting the soothsayers, he was advised neither to kill both snakes, nor to let both escape; for if the male serpent were killed, Tiberius would die; and, if the female, Cornelia would die. Tiberius, in his unselfish devotion to his wife, killed the male serpent and let the female escape. Tradition says his death occurred a short time afterwards.

After the death of her husband, Cornelia took upon herself the whole care and education of her children. She proved herself to be a woman of strong character, and an affectionate mother.

She had many offers of marriage, but she refused them all. Ptolemy, the King of Egypt, observing her lovely and unblem-

ished character, proffered her his crown, but even him she refused, preferring rather to live a widow and rear her children herself.

In the course of years she lost all of her children except one daughter, who married, and two sons—Tiberius and Caius. To these two sons she devoted all her time and energy in order that she might educate them aright. Her lofty spirit and wide attainments rendered her admirably fitted for the task, for "She brought up her two sons with so much care that, though they were of the noblest origin and had the happiest dispositions of all the Roman youth, yet education was allowed to have contributed still more than nature to the excellence of their characters."

One day a Campanian lady, who was on a visit to Cornelia, displayed some very beautiful ornaments which she possessed and requested Cornelia in return to exhibit her own. The Roman mother purposely detained her friend in conversation until her children returned from school, when, pointing to them, she exclaimed in a proud, triumphant tone, "These are my jewels!"

After the death of Cornelia a statue was erected in her honor by the Roman people, bearing this simple inscription, "Cornelia, Mother of the Gracchi."



To the Cornelian Literary Society

All hail! Cornelian Sisterhood!
Thou blest and fairest name!
Thou precious bond that makes us one
In hope, in love, in aim.
'Tis thou that makes within us
The spark of holy fire,
And calls us upward, onward,
Bids us nobly to aspire.
Thou art Truth's valiant champion,
Art Wisdom's zealous friend,
And Knowledge claims thee as her own
True guardian to the end.
Thrice blest are we, thy jewels,
Thine honored name to bear;
To know thy queenly virtues,
And all thy blessings share.
We bring, O fair Cornelia,
As offering to thy shrine,
Our loyalty to gold and blue,
Our love for thee and thine.

JANE SUMMERELL. '10.





The Adelpgian Literary Society

TO the College community at large the Adelpgian Literary Society means nothing more than a large membership, a hall closed except on special occasions, and a diamond-shaped pin. This is the viewpoint of the outsider, but to the initiated the Adelpgian Society is a much more vital thing. In the first place, it means an influence in the life of each member, which is not an intangible, indefinite thing, but a source of real strength. It means the deepest kind of friendship, friendship cemented by common interests and united effort. It means steady development along literary lines; a development which gives to each member breadth and self-reliance, because it is a development which has been forced by no outer stimuli. It means law and order in all phases of College life, for loyalty to her Society compels a member to respect authority. Best of all, however, the Adelpgian Society means to each of its members an inspiration which points to better thoughts, greater accomplishments, and higher ideals.

Toast

Here's health, sister Adelpgians,
Friendship, beauty, truth;
Love that thrills the bosom,
Hopes that beckon youth,
Pledge them all together—
One and all—'tho' some are new.
Hands all round, my sisters—
Here's to Adelpgians, true!

ADELPHIAN SOCIETY HALL



Adelphai

Shoulder to shoulder, hearts filled with devotion,

With purpose not aimless, but earnest and true,

United by all of the ties of deep friendship,

We bring, O Adelphai, our homage to you.

We pledge to you loyalty, long and unending,

Loyalty which will be firm, will be sure;

Devotion we pledge you, which never can perish,

And love which through all coming time will endure.

In all that we do we shall never forget you:

Each member will strive to gain honor, gain fame,

Not merely to satisfy selfish ambitions,

But to add honor to your beloved name,

Ever before us to point t'ward the highest,

Ever beside us to lead t'ward the right,

You, in the years now dim in the distance,

Will be, O Adelphai, our clear, guiding light.

And with courage undaunted we'll march ever onward

Up the heights to be won, along paths strange and new;

But now and forever, one great band of sisters,

We will be, O Adelphai, still loyal to you.





ADELPHIAN LITERARY SOCIETY

Adelphian Society Roll

ADDIE MAY ABERNATHY	MINNIE BRYANT
MATTIE ABERNATHY	JAMIE BRYAN
LOIS ADAMS	OLLIE BRYANT
LOUISE ALEXANDER	ELIZABETH BUNCH
ROSALIE ASBURY	NORMA BURWELL
HELEN AUSTIN	ANNIE LEE CABLE
COLINE AUSTIN	PAULINE CABLE
GLADYS AVERY	LAURA CAMPBELL
IVOR AYCOCK	ROSE CASE
MARY LOUISE AYERS	MYRTLE CAUDILL
RUTH BACON	CORA CAUDLE
MABEL BAGBY	CATHARINE CLANTON
EFFIE BAINES	BESSIE COATS
ALMA BAKER	MARGARET C. COBB
FRANCES BARRINGER	MADGE COBLE
EVA BATEMAN	RUTH COBLE
LILY BATTERHAM	LILA COCHRAN
ROSE BATTERHAM	ROSE COCHRAN
MAUDE BEATTY	MARGARET COLE
MARGARET BERRY	MARGARET COMBS
LETA BERRY	MARGARET COOPER
BAINES BEST	MELLIE COTCHETT
ELLEN DOUGLAS BIZZELL	ELIZABETH COX
LENA BLALOCK	MARGARET COX
DELLA BLEVINS	MAY CRAVER
LEAH BODDIE	LOUISE CRAWFORD
MAMIE BOREN	KATHARINE CRAWFORD
ELLA BRAY	LILLIAN CRISP
RUTH BRAY	ODIE CROWDER
FRANCES BROADFOOT	INEZ DANIELS
MAY BROOKS	ANNIE DAVIS
ANNIE G. BROWN	NANNIE DAVIS
MARY LOUISE BROWN	NELLIE DAWSON
NANNIE BROWN	LULA DIXON
NELL BROWN	BEULAH DOBBIN
ORA LEE BROWN	ANNIE MAY EDGERTON
ROSEDA BROWN	PIECHE EDMUNDS
MARY BRUNER	MABEL ELLIS

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EVA ETHERIDGE	FLORENCE HILDEBRAND
HENRIETTA EVANS	CLARA HINES
CARRIE EXUM	PEARL HOBBS
MARGARET FAISON	MABEL HODGES
GEORGIE FAISON	EFFIE HOLLAND
GERTRUDE FINGER	HALLIE HOLLOWAY
ANNIE FITE	PEARLE HOLLOWAY
MARY FLANAGAN	MARY HUDSON
ISABEL FLEMING	FLORENCE HUNT
SELMA FLEMING	HAZEL HUNT
MARION FORNEY	BESSIE INGRAM
ALMA FOUNTAIN	FLORENCE JEFFRESS
REBA FOUST	MABEL JETTON
FLORA FRANCK	MARGARET JOHN
LEAH FRANCK	CORA JOHN
MAMIE FREEMAN	LALA JOHNSON
IRENE FULTON	MARGARET JOHNSON
SIBYL GATES	KATHARINE JOHNSON
NINA GARNER	CATHARINE JONES
CARRIE GILL	ELIZABETH JONES
ANNIE DODGE GLENN	HELEN JONES
VIRGINIA GORRELL	EVA JORDAN
ANABEL GRAY	MAREA JORDAN
MAY GRAY	AMY JOSEPH
RUBY GRAY	CORNELIA JOSEY
ELIZABETH GREY	WENONAH JOYNER
GERTRUDE GRIFFIN	MARIANNA JUSTICE
MAMIE GRIFFIN	LILA JUSTICE
ANNIE GREEN	VIOLA KEETER
IONE GROGAN	GEORGIA KEIGER
HULDAH GROOME	LUCILLE KENNETT
RUTH GROOME	ETHEL KESSINGER
MERIEL GROVES	BERTHA KNIGHT
SUSAN GUION	AGNES LACY
BLANCH HAMILTON	LUCY LANDON
LUCY HAMILTON	ADA LENTZ
MARY HANES	MINNIE LITTMANN
ALICE HARRISS	ALICE LEDBETTER
MILDRED HARRINGTON	ROY LOVELACE
MINNIE HART	MABEL LOWE
SOPHIA HART	RACHEL LYNCH
BELLE HICKS	PEARLE MARINE

ADELPHIAN SOCIETY ROLL—Continued.

EVA MARTIN	GERTRUDE RADCLIFF
MARGARET MARTIN	ELIZABETH RANKIN
GRACE MARSH	MILDRED RANKIN
FUCHIA MARSHBANKS	EMILY REDDITT
EDITH MASON	ROBENIA REDMOND
LOVIE MASON	NENA RHYNE
BEULAH MATTHEWS	NELL RICHARDSON
MARY MATHEWS	SARA RICHARDSON
BONNIE McBRYDE	PEARLE ROBERTSON
MARY McCULLOCH	KATHRINE ROBINSON
FLORA McKINNON	KATHERINE ROCKETT
PEARL McNEILL	ALICE ROGERS
ETHEL McNAIRY	CHRISTINE RUTLEDGE
WINNIE McWHORTER	SARAH RUTLEDGE
CUSTYS MEREDITH	MARGARET SCARBOROUGH
LUCILLE MIDDLETON	NAOMI SCHELL
LAKE MILLER	ANNIE SCOTT
VIRGINIA MOIR	ELSIE LEE SCOTT
ELIZA MOORE	LAURA SHAVER
ALICE MORRISON	MERRIEL SHELTON
MATTIE MORGAN	MADGE SHIELDS
MILDRED MOSES	ORA SHOFFNER
ORIE MOSELY	ETHEL SKINNER
HAZEL MONTAGUE	HULDAH SLAUGHTER
ANNETTE MUNDS	THELMA SMITH
LOIS NEWKIRK	MINNIE SOMMERS
ANNA NEWTON	FLORENCE SPIVEY
EFFIE NEWTON	PATTY SPRUILL
MARY NICHOLS	CLYDE STANU'LL
MYRTLE NICHOLS	GRACE STANFORD
IRMA NOBLE	MARION STEVENS
LAURA NORMAN	DELORAH STEPP
PAULINE PALMER	UVA STRAYHORN
ORA PARKER	MAIDA STRUPE
MALONA PATTERSON	ALMA STUART
MYRTLE PATTERSON	MAMIE STURGILL
BESSIE PAYLOR	BESSIE SWINDELL
IVEY PAYLOR	MATTIE SYKES
SADIE PETREE	BETTIE TAYLOR
MARGARET PICKETT	MARY TENNENT
MARY PORTER	PEARL TEMPLE
MARY POPE	BESSIE TERRY
GERTRUDE PROVOST	ZORA TILLET

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SARAH TULBERT	JANNIE WETMORE
ROSE TURNER	ALMA WHITE
LINA TURNER	LULA WHITESIDES
ANNA VERNON	PAULINE WHITLEY
CATHARINE VERNON	ELIZABETH WILLIAMS
EMMA VICKERY	ETHEL WILLIAMSON
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NETTA WATKINS	INA WINFREE
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The State Normal Magazine

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ELIZABETH ROBINSON, Business Manager



Y. W. C. A. CABINET

P. W. C. A.

"Not by might, nor by power, but by My Spirit, saith the Lord of Hosts."

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BESSIE COATS.....	FINANCE
MARGARET JOHN.....	DEVOTIONAL

The Young Women's Christian Association has had enrolled during the year 513 members. Three hundred and seventy-five of these have been enrolled in Bible classes, and 250 in Mission Study classes. These classes have been led by students and members of the Faculty.

The P. U. C. A.—What? Why? How?

WHAT? A voluntary band of students and women teachers who believe:

That all nations are seeking after God;

That the Sermon on the Mount is the most sublime code of ethics ever uttered or conceived;

That its laws are possible and reasonable to the pure in heart;

That the final test of any religion is the type of character it produces, and

That, according to this test, the principles of Jesus will one day control the earth.

WHY? Because, being children of one Father of whom the whole family on earth is named—

It is impossible for one of us to live to herself alone;

Our deepest emotions and highest aspirations demand expression, and

The least perfect follower of Christ longs to serve her fellow beings. Love *must* serve and love *must* give.

"My Father worketh hitherto and I work."

"My meat is to do the will of Him that sent me."

How? By becoming better acquainted and enjoying together harmless recreation and innocent fun;

By being scrupulously honest in our college work;

By doing faithfully the most irksome duty, 'till it ceases to be irksome;

By providing and attending wholesome and interesting religious exercises;

By serving others, in the Master's spirit;

By studying diligently in the great library called the Bible;

By keeping our minds open to the opinions of sincere thinkers;

By constant prayer and abiding trust in God.

"What doth the Lord require of thee, but to do justly and to love mercy and to walk humbly with thy God?"

"A new commandment I give unto you—that ye love one another: as I have loved you, that ye also love one another."



A GROUP OF FORMER DELEGATES TO THE ASHEVILLE CONFERENCE

MAMIE GRIFFIN

NATALIE NUNN

LENA GREENE

EDITH MASON

BESSIE COATS

JANE SUMMERELL

MISS COIT

MARY VAN POOLE

GERTRUDE ZACHARY

ROSA BATTERHAM

LILY BATTERHAM

WINNIE McWHORTER

MISS MITCHELL



BAILEY MEMORIAL ROOM

The Rochester Convention

IN a fervor of enthusiasm the Sixth Quadrennial Convention of the Student Volunteer Movement opened at Rochester, January 29, 1910. The 3,264 delegates, who represented 722 institutions, were the representative students of their colleges. They were there to learn of missions and their work. Earnestness, deep consecration, purposeful endeavor, and singleness of aim characterized the whole Convention. Those who were accustomed to look on missions and missionary efforts as something sentimental were brought in contact with new facts and new ideas when they heard needs, the greatness, and the possibilities of the foreign fields discussed and presented by John R. Mott, Robert E. Speer, Ambassador Bryce, and others. These men showed that the most important concern of the Volunteer Movement is to increase the numbers of volunteers; that the demand of the present time is for missionaries of ability and preparation, and that such must come from our colleges. The convention was, indeed, an eye-opener. Denominational lines were very vague, but among the many enjoyable sessions were the sectional conferences where the work and field of each individual denomination were taken up and discussed. Besides these meetings, another pleasing feature of the Convention was the Exhibit. Here the main emphasis was laid upon missionary literature. Each of the great mission countries and missionary subjects were represented by a working library of books, periodicals, maps and curios.

The Convention was a success spiritually and financially. The delegates left with pleasant impressions of Rochester hospitality and determined to become a part of that great movement, the motto of which is "The Evangelization of the World in This Generation."

A Jolly (?) Epoch

There comes in every College term
A time which all the girls confirm
To be the gayest, freest time
That e'er enhanced this clime.

No girl is seen with ugly frown,
Nor is there one the least bit down:
Why, every one's as bright and gay
As if 'twere royal holiday.

This mirth spirit's right hard to quell:
It gets them up ere rising bell;
And every girl, with smiling face,
Comes to her meals in time for grace.

From half-past four till after five
In lively games the girls do strive:
Or if into the Park you look,
They skip along, in hand a book.

And why such glee you want to know!
I thought you'd guessed it long ago.
Well, listen, then, if I must speak,
"Why, it's examination week!"



ATHLETICS



Officers of the Athletic Association

BELLE HICKS.....	FRESHMAN	PRESIDENT
CLARA LAMBE.....	JUNIOR	SENIOR VICE-PRESIDENT
ANNIE LOUISE WILLS.....	SOPHOMORE	JUNIOR VICE-PRESIDENT
KATE STYRON.....	FRESHMAN	VICE-PRESIDENT
GRETCHEN TAYLOR.....	FRESHMAN	VICE-PRESIDENT
ANNIE DODGE GLENN.....	FRESHMAN	SPECIAL VICE PRESIDENT
CARRIE EXUM.....	FRESHMAN	FIRST PREPARATORY
AGNES LACY.....	FRESHMAN	SECOND PREPARATORY

Athletics

ALL work and no play makes Jill a dull girl." In glancing over the work of the Athletic Association since its organization, we find that it has yearly increased in power and strength, and may now be classed among the great factors of the Institution.

Last year, under the influence of Miss Bell, physical director of our College, Athletics reached its highwater mark. Not only was a great interest taken in outdoor sports, but rapid strides were made in indoor work. Gymnastic meets were held which increased interest and enthusiasm in the work.

Besides the regular Basket-Ball and Tennis Tournaments held each year, contests in Baseball and Hockey were added. The climax of all the Athletic interest was reached on Field Day, a day set apart entirely for Athletics, when the final games in Hockey, Tennis and Baseball were played and individual contests added much to the interest of the day. The spectators, as well as the players, thoroughly enjoyed the event.

The interest in Athletics this year has kept pace with that of last year, and to insure the success of Hockey, Miss Bell has offered a trophy cup to the class winning in the Hockey Tournament; this contest will take place in the early spring. No team is entitled to compete for this cup which has not played at least twenty games. Each class now has on the field a Hockey team, as well as a Basket-Ball and Tennis team, practicing for the Tournaments in the spring. Besides two trophy cups, the Association offers a beautiful banner to the class which at the close of the year has gained the greatest number of points. This has caused a lively interest in the classes and their rivalry has wonderfully helped the Association.





Senior Basket-Ball Team

CAPTAIN

BELLE HICKS

CENTERS

WINNIE McWHORTER MELLIE COTCHETT

GOALS

CLYDE STANCHILL CLARA LAMBE WILLARD POWERS

GUARDS

LOUISE WOTTEN EDITH HASSELL LAURA WEILL



Junior Basket-Ball Team

Annie Louise Wills.....	Captain
R. Gray, A. Parsons.....	Centers
C. Ervin, N. Laey, F. Broadfoot.....	Goals
C. Jones, J. Earnhardt, N. Carpenter.....	Guards
B. Daniel, A. Viele, Z. Koonce.....	Substitutes



Sophomore Basket-Ball Team

CAPTAIN

ALICE MORRISON

CENTERS

IVOR AYCOCK JANET WEIL

GOALS

MARY K. BROWN FAY DAVENPORT GLADYS AVERY

GUARDS

KATE STYRON ORA LEE BROWN MILDRED MOSES

YELL: Rackety! Rack! Rack!
 Rackety! Relve!
 Crackety! Crack! Crack!
 Nineteen-twelve!
 Sss!!! Boom!! Bah!
 Ki-o-kores!
 Rah!! Rah!! Relve!
 Sophomores!!



Freshman Basket-Ball Team

CAPTAIN

GRETCHEN TAYLOR

CENTERS

PHIBE EDWARDS MARIANNA JUSTICE

GOALS

ANNIE SMITH CHRISTINE RUTLEDGE
ELLEN DOUGLASS BIZZELL

GUARDS

LURA BROGDEN SARA RICHARDSON MARY PORTER

SUBSTITUTES

LOU WEST CORINNA MIAL MERIEL GROVES

YELL: Hackey! Hackey! Hackey! Sis bum bah!
Freshman! Freshman! Rah! Rah! Rah!
Ruff! Tuff! We're the stuff!
We play basket-ball and never get enough!



Special Basket-Ball Team

CAPTAIN

MATTIE ABERNATHY

CENTERS

SUSAN GUION SOPHIA HART

GOALS

FRANCES FRY RUTH BACON ANNIE DODGE GLENN

GUARDS

MARGARET BERRY ZULA DICKSON MARY BLAND PITT



Second Preparatory Basket-Ball Team

CAPTAIN

AGNES LACY

CENTERS

JESSIE GAINES IRENE McCONNELL

GOALS

MABEL BAGBY RUBY DEAL LILLIAN REEVES

GUARDS

PAULINE PALMER LOIS NEWKIRK ETHEL WILLIAMSON



First Preparatory Basket-Ball Team

CAPTAIN

CARRIE EXUM

CENTERS

OLLIE BRYANT LEAH LEE LOYD

GOALS

HULA BAINES NELL BROWN ELSIE SCOTT

GUARDS

VIRGINIA HOOKER MABEL HOOVER FANNIE GRAY

SUBSTITUTES

MAMIE EATON MAMIE STURGILL



Senior Hockey Team

FORWARDS

LAURA WEILL PEARL ROBERTSON ANNA VERNON

WINGS

ANNIE MORING BELLE HICKS

HALF-BACKS

MAMIE GRIFFIN WINNIE McWHORTER BESSIE COATS

FULL-BACKS

EDITH MASON LOUISE WOOTEN

GOAL-KEEPER

EDITH HASSELL



Junior Hockey Team

CAPTAIN
MAE BROWN

FORWARDS
MAREA JORDAN CATHERINE NORFLEET
ROSE BATTERHAM MARY WALTERS

HALF-BACKS
JESSIE EARNHARDT HULDAH SLAUGHTER BESSIE BENNETT

FULL-BACKS
OLIVIA BURBAGE BERTHA DANIEL

GOAL-KEEPER
NORA CARPENTER

SUBSTITUTES
ALLIE PARSONS MINNIE LITTMANN
CATHERINE JONES ANNIE LOUISE WILLS



Sophomore Hockey Team

FORWARDS

MAY GREEN MARY K. BROWN LILLIAN FIELDS

WINGS

KATE STYRON ANNIE MAUD POLLARD

HALF-BACKS

FAY DAVENPORT ALICE MORRISON MILDRED MOSES

FULL-BACKS

SABRA BROGDEN CLAUDIA CASHWELL

GOAL-KEEPER

MAGGIE COBLE



Freshman Hockey Team

FORWARDS

MATTIE MORGAN MARY PORTER PHOEBE EDMUNDS

WINGS

LOU WEST MARY HAYNES

HAIF-BACKS

LURA BROGDEN LOVIE MASON ELIZABETH JONES

FULL-BACKS

SARA RICHARDSON BLANCHE HAMILTON

GOAL-KEEPER

LUCY HAMILTON

YELL: Rah, Rah, Rah, Sis boom, beam
Freshmen, Freshmen 1913!



First Preparatory Hockey Team

CAPTAIN

CARRIE EXUM

FORWARDS

OLLIE BRYANT	MABEL HOOVER
NELL BROWN	FANNIE GRAY

HALF-BACKS

MAMIE EATON	MAMIE STURGILL
LEAH LEE LOYD	

FULL-BACKS

HULA BAINES	ELSIE SCOTT
-------------	-------------

GOAL-KEEPER

VIRGINIA HOOKER



Champion Basket-Ball Team

CAPTAIN
BELLE HICKS

CENTERS
MINNIE McWHORTER MELLIE COTCHETT

GOALS
CLYDE STANCILL
CLARA LAMBE WILLARD POWERS

GUARDS
LAURA WEILL
EDITH HASSELL LOUISE WOOTEN

YELL: Rip! Rah! Re! Rip! Rah! Rix!
Here's to Stancill, Lambe, and Hicks.
Boom-er-ree! Boom-er-rather rowers!
Ho for Hassell, Cotchett, Powers,
'Tis for the Sophomores quite a trial
To beat McWhorter, Wooten, Weill.

SONG: V-i-c-t-o-r-y, victory to you, we cry,
Shouting, cheering, fighting for 1910.



Champion Baseball Team

1913

Mattie Morgan	Captain
Lovie Mason	First Base
Mattie Abernathy	Second Base
Mary Porter	Third Base
Mollie Townsend	Pitcher
Lillian Hunt	Catcher
Elizabeth Bunch	Left Field
Ruth Johnson	Right Field
Pearle Whitley	Center

Field Day Results, May 7, 1909

100-yard Dash, 1—M. Paddison (II Prep.), 2—W. McWhorter (Junior), 3—O. Dees (Senior).

Running High Jump, 1—C. Jones, 4 feet 2 in (Sophomore), 2—G. Brockmann, 4 feet (II Prep.), 3—E. Duke (Senior).

Broad Jump, 1—C. Jones, 12 feet 4½ inches (Sophomore), 2—M. Paddison, 12 feet 4 inches.

Relay Race, winning class—Juniors.

Throwing Ball, 1—M. Morgan, 165 feet 2 inches (II Prep.), 2—C. Lambe (Junior), 3—C. Jones (Sophomore).

Baseball, winning class—II Preparatory.

Tennis, winning class—Juniors.

Basket-Ball, winning class—Select Team.

Marching, winning class—Juniors.



CHAMPIONS
MARCHING TENNIS TEAM RELAY RACE

Senior Athletic Songs

1910

BASKET-BALL SONGS

TUNE: "Touchdown"

Smash, bang, rip them, Senior team,
You've done it oft before,
We, each of us, will do our best
To make for us that winning score.
So, girls of '10, lift voices high
And cheer with heart and soul,
For Green and White are on their way,
Basket the ball and then a goal.

Smash, bang, rip them, Senior team,
You've done it oft before,
Get that ball, O Captain, true,
And let us make the winning score.
Now, Green and White, keep wide awake
And work with heart and hand;
For 1910 is now at stake—
The best in all the land.

TUNE: "Tammany"

1910! 1910!
You're the girls who do your best,
You're the girls who stand the test,
1910! 1910!
Down the field—never yield,
1910,

TUNE: "Heidelberg"

Here's to the team that wins the game,
Here's to the way they play,
They are fighting for 1910,
So they must win the day,
Here's to the class that backs the team,
The good old green and white,
And cheer again for the Senior team,
The team which wins the fight.

HOCKEY SONG

TUNE: "Princeton Cannon March"
Our Junior year we met defeat,
Upon the hockey field;
But now as Seniors, one and all,
We must not, must not yield,
So send the ball right through the goal
And win that cup so dear.
Then lift your voices and let them sound,
With the grand, old Senior cheer.

Cheer for our hockey team,
And for the colors that we bear;
Cheer, cheer for every girl,
Echoes sounding through the air,
Now for the tournament, we'd like to cheer until the end,
But we're first going to cheer
For the class you see here,
Come, girls, 1910.

Junior Athletic Songs

JUNIOR BASKET-BALL YELL:

Rika, raka!
Rika, raka!
Ya, yum, yo.
Tika, taka!
Lika, laka!
Rah, ha, ho.
Rika, tika, tavo!
Zip, zum, zeven.
We are the class of nineteen 'leven!

JUNIOR HOCKEY YELL:

Clickety, clackety, cloakity, clock.
Hickety, hackety, hoakity, hock.
Tickety, tackety, toakity tite,
Rah! for the class of red and white!

HOCKEY SONG

AIR: "O, who will shoe my pretty little foot?"

O, who will gain for us fame, fame, fame?

O, who will make us score, score, score?

O, who will win for us a game,

When we are playing for the cup?

O, Bennett 'll gain for us fame, fame, fame,

O, Jordan 'll make for us a score, score, score,

O, Earnhardt 'll win for us a game

When we are playing for the cup.

O, who will keep the Freshmen back, back, back?

O, who will break them up, up, up?

O, who will keep their score slack?

When we are playing for the cup?

Slaughter and Batteram 'll keep them back, back, back.

Walters and Nordleet 'll break them up, up, up.

Daniel and Burbage keep their score slack,

When we are playing for the cup.

O, who will beat the Freshmen bad, bad, bad?

O, who will strike their ball away, away, away?

O, who will make our hearts glad

When we are playing for the cup?

O, Brown will beat the Freshmen bad, bad, bad.

O, Carpenter 'll strike their ball away, away, away.

And our team will make our hearts glad

When we are playing for the cup.

JUNIOR BASKET-BALL SONG

TUNE: "Bonnie Blue Flag"

We are a band of Juniors, and ready for the fight,
Playing for the glory of our dear, old red and white;
And while our men are striving,
We'll cheer with all our might,
Hurrah for the Junior team, the team of red and white.

CHORUS:

Hurrah! hurrah! the Junior team hurrah!
Hurrah for the Junior team, the team of red and white.

Then cheer, Juniors, cheer for Wills, by whom we're led,
For Earnhardt, Gray, and Broadfoot, too, who wear the white
and red;

For Carpenter, Parsons, Jones, Lacy,
And Ervin at the head.

Hurrah for the Junior team, the team of white and red!—*Cheo*.

HOCKEY SONG

It makes no difference what we are playing,
Makes no difference what we try.

We don't have to stop a-saying,

"For you it is good-bye."

When they ask us, "What's the score, girls?"

Speak right up, be proud to tell

That the score's increasing with every spell.

In favor of the white and red.

JUNIOR BASKET-BALL SONG

TUNE: "Good-bye, my lover, good-bye"

We are the class of nineteen 'leven,

Rah! for the Juniors, rah!

Our hopes are as high as the stars in heaven

Rah! for the Juniors, rah!

CHORUS:

Play, Juniors, play with all your might!

Play, Juniors, for our red and white!

Play, Juniors, only for the right!

Hurrah! for our team, hurrah!

The Junior team is ever true

To her motto, "Als ich kann."

With this in mind, we'll play against you.

Rah! for our team, rah!—*Cheo*.

Now for our class a cheer we'll give.

Rah! for the Juniors, rah!

The class we'll love as long as we live.

Rah! for the Juniors, rah!—*Cheo*.

Sophomore Athletic Songs

TUNE: "Merry Widow"

Nineteen-twelve, nineteen-twelve!

One goal more!

Nineteen-twelve, nineteen-twelve!

Score and score!

We must beat the Juniors,

We must win the game,

We must gain the victory

For thy fair name.

TUNE: "Everybody Works but Father"

One rah, rah for Morrison!

And one for Aycock, too!

A great big cheer for Davenport!

And for the Browns give two!

Rah, rah, rah, for Avery

And Styron, who is fine!

Here's two more for Critz and Weil

And for each girl in line!

TUNE: "My Wife's Gone to the Country"

Oh! See the Sophomores out there,

Hooray! Hooray!

They're striving for the new Bell-cup this

Very, very day!

Oh! see our Captain, May Green,

O May, O May!

With steady nerve you'll lead them through

The thickest of the fray!

TUNE: "Dixie"

Oh! Sophomores, see your team is winning,

Work, and send the Seniors spinning!

Play ball, play ball, play ball, Sophomores!

Just keep on playing, Sophomores! play ball, play ball,

Just knock your goals between the poles,

The Seniors will be defeated!

Play ball, play ball, play ball, O! Sophomores!

Play ball, play ball, play ball, O! Sophomores!

TUNE: "Tommy Atkins"
O! Kate Styron. O! Kate Styron!
You're a good one through and through.
You're a credit to this North State.
And to all the College, too!
May your hands be ever steady.
May your aim be sure and true!
Three cheers for old Kate Styron!
Here's your class-mates' love for you!

TUNE: "Dorris, Dorris"
Davenport! Davenport! Aim at that goal!
Send the ball straight through!
Davenport! Davenport! Don't let it roll.
The score depends on you!
Davenport! Davenport! Get it right in.
To miss would be a sin—
Don't let it get in the Juniors' goal.
Nineteen-twelve must win!

TUNE: "My Bonnie Lies Over the Ocean"
The Sophomores are winning the game.
Ha! Ha!
They are rolling the ball near the goal.
Rah! Rah!
The Seniors are losing their game.
Oh! Oh!
The outcome will soon be told.

CHORUS:
Sophomores, Sophomores, we must now win.
So make the ball roll!
Sophomores, Sophomores, oh!
Take it straight to our goal!

Freshman Athletic Songs

We are a class of Freshmen,
A class of blue and white,
And ever striving higher,
With all our main and might,
In all our athletic games,
We do our very best,
And ever we are hoping
To come up to the rest.

CHORUS:

Hurrah, hurrah, for the Freshman team, hurrah!
Hurrah for the Freshman team,
The best we ever saw.

Morgan is our captain,
Then come Haines and West,
Edmunds, Jones and Richardson,
Who always do their best,
Next, Bregden, Porter, Munson
Follow the Hamiltons two,
Who always play with utmost glee,
For the class of white and blue,—*Cho*,

Now these are the players,
In our hockey team so rare,
And others would be hard to find
Who with them could compare.
Hurrah, hurrah for the Freshman team, hurrah,
Hurrah for the Freshman team,
The best we ever saw,—*Cho*.

YELL

Clickety, clackety, clickety, clack,
Rickety, rickety, rickety, rack,
Rickety, rickety, rickety, reen,
Freshmen, Freshmen, 1913!

ATHLETIC SONG

Root, root, root for the Freshman team,
Hurrah for the lucky thirteen,
Cheer them on to victory,
We don't care whose team it may be,
Root, root, root for the Freshman team,
Root again and again,
Sing their praise all our days in all kinds of ways,
We are sure to win.

Rah, rah, rah, for the men so rare,
They've got the rest of you beat;
Others may at times compare,
But none with ours will ever compete,
So it's rah, rah, rah, for the Freshman team,
Hurrah for these lucky thirteen,
Sing of blue, sing of white,
For our banner we'll fight,
Hurrah for nineteen thirteen.



Tennis Club

SOPHIA HART
 BELL ANDREWS
 ELIZABETH POLLARD
 ANNETTE MUNDY
 MARIANNA JUSTICE

SUSAN GUTH
 GRETCHEN TAYLOR
 MILDRED MOSES
 GLADYS AVERY
 ANABEL GRAY

IVOR AYCOCK
 JAMIE BRYAN
 ETHEL SKINNER
 JANET WEIL
 CARRIE EXUM

ANNIE SMITH
 SARA RICHARDSON
 MARGARET COOPER
 VIOLA KEETER



PARK SCENE



The Glee Club

HERMANN H. HOENTER
EUGENIA HARRIS.....

...DIRECTOR
ACCOMPANIST

FIRST SOPRANOS

N. BROWN	C. THOMPSON	F. MCKINNON	E. COHEN
E. L. CARTER	A. WHITTY	S. RICE	V. IDOL
F. CRAVEN	F. BROADFOOT	R. TURNER	M. SHIELDS
C. MEREDITH	E. CRAIG	G. BROCKMANN	A. NEWTON
A. MORRISON	N. DAVIS	A. BERRY	A. VANN

MRS. B. C. SHARPE

SECOND SOPRANOS

L. AYERS	C. JOHN	D. GRANTHAM	N. BURLESON
M. BERRY	A. PHELPS	B. KNIGHT	M. FLANAGAN
M. BRUXER	M. BAINE	O. SCHOFFNER	E. HARRIS
B. DANIEL	L. BERRY	H. BAINES	A. PARSONS
N. GARNER	I. DAUGHTRY	R. BROWN	

ALTOS

A. BAKER	N. NUNN	N. THOMPSON	W. JOYNER
G. FINGER	B. BENNETT	E. BRYNER	M. WILSON
	M. JAMISON	L. DAUGHETY	



Orchestra

NELL HERRING.....	Drum
RUBY DEAL.....	Horn
CLYDE FIELDS.....	Horn
MARY WELLONS.....	Trombone
MYRTLE JOHNSTON.....	Violin
MABEL LYNCH.....	Violin
MATTIE MORGAN.....	Violin
MAE BROWN.....	Violin
GRACE BROCKMANN.....	Violin
EULA LEE CARTER.....	Violin
ZORA TILLET.....	Bass Viola
ALICE PHELPS.....	'Cello
ANNIE MORING.....	'Cello
MAX BROCKMANN.....	Horn
LOTTIE BROCKMANN.....	Violin
ANNIE LAURIE RAMSEY.....	Accompanist
MR. C. H. BROCKMANN.....	Director



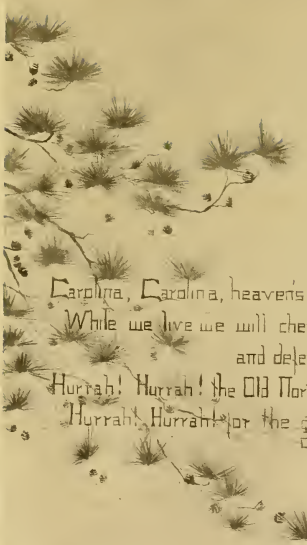
French Club

OFFICERS

MILDRED MOSES.....	.. PRESIDENT
ANNIE MAUDE POLLARD.....	VICE-PRESIDENT
NELLIE WITHERINGTON SECRETARY
CORINNA MIAL..... TREASURER
ELIZABETH ROBINSON.....	.. CHAIRMAN PROGRAM COMMITTEE

MEMBERS

Ivor Aycock	Sadie Ingle	Mary Nixon
Lily Batterham	Mabel Jetton	Lenora Patterson
Rose Batterham	Elizabeth Jones	Annie Maude Pollard
Leta Berry	Lila Justice	Elizabeth Rankin
Mary K. Brown	Agnes Lacy	Sara Richardson
Leah Boddie	Nan McArn	Elizabeth Robinson
Jamie Bryan	Fannie McIntosh	Katherine Robinson
Norma Burwell	Ethel McNairy	Ethel Skinner
Katherine Crawford	Winnie McWhorter	Florence Spivey
Lillian Dalton	Corinna Mial	Patty Spruill
Lucille Elliott	Florence Mitchell	Delorah Stepp
Lena Green	Lucille Middleton	Kate Styron
Myrtle Green	Virginia Moir	Sallie Sumner
Rebecca Herring	Adelaide Morrow	Mollie Townsend
Emma Hill	Mildred Moses	Lula Whitesides
Belle Hicks	Annette Munds	Nellie Witherington



Carolina, Carolina, heaven's blessings attend her!

While we live we will cherish, protect
and defend her—

Hurrah! Hurrah! the Old North State forever!

Hurrah! Hurrah! for the good Old North State!

To Our Alma Mater

Greetings to thee, Alma Mater,
Loyal daughters here extend
With the hope that highest honors
Will fore'er thy name attend.

Carolina's Normal College,
Of our glorious "Old North State,"
Thou hast ever stood for those things
Which are counted truly great.

And we love thee, Alma Mater,
'Tho' a mother stern thou art,
While thou teachest us life's lessons,
Training every hand and heart.

Thou dost e'er instill within us
Love of truth, and honor bright,
Self-reliance, patience, courage,
Which will ever lead us right.

Service is thy watchword glorious,
Like a star that shines by night;
It will help us lift the darkness
That obscures the perfect light.

With this guiding star before us,
And with love in every heart,
We shall serve our God and country
With no failing on our part.

Thou dost teach that woman's mission,
Given to her from above,
Is to train the mind of childhood
With a pure and thinking love.

From thy glorious halls of learning
Thou dost send the welcome call,
"Here a Mother waits to teach you,
Come, my children, one and all."

LELIA WHITE, 1911.

Is Stolen Fruit Sweetest?

SYLVIA!" The colonel stood up, exasperated. "No!" Silence. "I have given you my reasons for not allowing it. You *cannot* go to that outlandish circus," and he struck the table sharply with his riding crop.

"But, father," Sylvia protested, flushed and eager, "it isn't an outlandish circus, it's a dog-and-pony show. Don't you see the difference? It's just little dogs and ponies that act, and not trapeze actors and—others like that."

"I have answered you, Sylvia," her father said, and frowned. "Must I repeat it? You cannot go. Besides, I have seen on their posters the picture of a lady on a horse. That seems to be the main feature of the whole thing. I prefer," he said, and Sylvia subsided, "I prefer for my daughter to remain at home," and he left the room.

Sylvia leaned out of the big eastern window, chin in palm. "I did so want to go," she told the roses; then repeated to the big maple above, "I did *so* want to go."

Her voice was troubled and a little rebellious, as if she had not quite given up her plan to go; and as she mused, the rebellion crept into her eyes. A big crimson rose above her head beat softly against her forehead. She shook her head.

"You needn't," she told it. "I know it's wicked and I oughtn't, but still I will. It's all stuff and nonsense, what father says, and I'm going in spite of it."

"Dear me," she went on, "there comes Mr. Glenn. Clergymen are so bashful and tiresome." She wrinkled her nose and regarded him critically. "I can't go alone, though, really. I wonder if a clergyman—" and she laughed.

"Good morning, Mr. Glenn," she called as he came up the walk. "Here I am, in the dining-room window. Come around here. It's far too lovely a morning to be spent in the house. Mr. Glenn," as he came up to the window, "do you think it's improper or bad for a young lady to go to a dog-and-pony show? They are not like circuses, are they?"

Mr. Glenn considered. It was not easy to answer without treading upon the toes of his clerical conscience or displeasing the whimsical young person, who, it was easy to see, thought it no harm. He shifted the responsibility.

"Do you, Miss Sylvia?" he asked.

"No, I don't," Sylvia was emphatic. "That is, of course, if she is not alone," and she looked at him innocently with speculative eyes, while she picked a rose to pieces.

Now Mr. Glenn was embarrassed. What could a young minister do? Aside from his natural inclinations, what would a congregation think, and he privileged to think, of a pastor, if that divine so far departed from his high and holy office as to attend a dog-and-pony show? And, moreover, being new in the parish and also unpardonably young, what food for gossip would that clergyman give the old ladies of his parish, and what positive and substantial proof would he give the prejudiced deacons in his church of his immaturity and inability to be the shepherd of the flock? Considering all these things only one answer seemed possible.

"Or perhaps you think it wrong for clergymen to go," the voice above him was saying, maddeningly.

He started, and began rather at random, "Why—I—you see—" he floundered helplessly, and stopped. His eyes were coming back slowly to her face by way of her round arm, her brown hand, the big rose that she sniffed delicately and over which she looked at him with teasing eyes. He changed his mind about the show. He did not care if he was young; in fact he was glad of it. He forgot church gossip, prejudiced deacons, and all.

"Why no, Miss Sylvia," he said and was dimly surprised that he said it, "I don't think it's wrong. Let me go with you; I haven't seen a dog-and-pony show since I was a boy. I'll take care of you, and we'll have a jolly good time. What do you say to riding over? If we start at two, we'll have plenty of time."

And then and there this willful young daughter said yes, in appalling disobedience to her father's mandate that she should not attend this very show.

So it came about that Sylvia, dressed in black, closely veiled, and mounted on the new pony Nick, with the clergyman on his horse, rode up to the great tent, where the all-important event was to take place. Sylvia was in high spirits, for "stolen fruits are sweetest," and she had a little guilty thrill that was not wholly unpleasant. In the pleasure of the young minister the guilty thrill predominated.

They both wished to escape as much as possible the crowd massed around the entrance of the tent, and so Sylvia, who was in the lead, struck recklessly into the bridle path which led, she supposed, to the rear part of the structure. Her pony was restive and hard to manage, although she could not guess the cause. They found, when they reached that entrance, that she was right, for they were in the rear tent, where the performers waited and made ready for their appearance in the ring. They were later than they thought, too, for even as they entered, the band began with a crash that made Sylvia's pony dance. A long line of ponies, all the same size and much the same color, began to file out quickly. The sight was very pretty. It was too late to go around and so Sylvia waited beside the door between the two tents, intending for them to slip in and view the performance from horseback.

After the last pony had passed through the opening, she rode in and pulled up, just inside the door. She had never before been inside a circus tent, and the sight was novel and strange to her; but she was not allowed to view it from that comparative distance. Her pony, instead of stopping in response to her command, followed just behind the last pony in the line, and carried her, before she realized it, right out into the center of that vast amphitheatre of faces. For one awful moment she sat petrified; the next minute she was hurled about in a huge circle at the end of the line of ponies. She was powerless to guide her own pony for he paid not the slightest heed to her hand on the rein, nor to her voice. Sylvia had considered herself an experienced rider, but now she was obliged to give all of her attention to keeping her seat. The most humiliating of all was the wave of applause that swept around that vast amphitheatre, and swelled and broke into cries. She was

vaguely surprised that the people should cheer. Perhaps they were laughing at her. The hot blood burned in her cheeks and she would not look up. She felt every eye in the tent fastened upon her as she was carried, powerless, about the great circle, tagging at the end of the line. The ponies at an ever-increasing pace swept around and around the ring; they pranced, they wheeled; they swept on in double line; they raced; they jumped the hurdle, until she grew giddy and gave up trying to see what they were doing or would do next—she simply kept her seat.

She was fully conscious, however, of the last and crowning feat. The ponies marched slowly down the center of the ring in double file, keeping time to the band music, then halted, turned facing each other, parted, and waited, while her own pony slowly marched down between the lines. It was all in vain that she dragged at the rein, and spoke to Nick sharply; that she even cut him in despair with the crop in her hand. He marched straight ahead. It was the very last straw. Every way she turned she saw only those eyes looking at her, mixed with arms and hands waving, and she heard only the deafening noise of applause. It was easy to see that the destination of her pony was the stand of steps at the head of the line. It was maddening, disgraceful, and a tear slipped down her cheek and splashed on Nick's neck. As he reached the stand, and began to mount the steps to the pedestal top, Sylvia slipped her foot from the stirrup, and began to slide from the saddle. But there was no place to step, and so there she sat in the midst of that huge circle of faces. Slowly the humor of it crept over her, and the humiliation and mortification disappeared. From her seat she could see at the farther end of the tent a horse and rider, both motionless, statuesque. It was Mr. Glenn. At the sight of him her face changed; she laughed uncontrollably, until, fearing someone would recognize her as Sylvia Chase instead of the horseback performer, she wheeled her pony. He sprang from the high seat of honor, and on towards the rear tent, the long train of ponies behind him. Once outside the

tent, her pony stopped of his own free will, and she slipped from his back to the grass, weak and trembling, and shaking with laughter.

A most demure and docile daughter greeted Colonel Chase at breakfast the following morning. She waited upon him humbly, and scolded James because the coffee was cold and the eggs hard-boiled. She talked to him, of things present, things past, and things to come, but any question of yesterday she calmly ignored or skillfully evaded. Her father wondered perhaps, but he said nothing.

As he was leaving the room, he stopped at the door.

"I hear that the circus yesterday wasn't bad, Sylvia; was rather good, in fact; even the woman on the horse. I am sorry you could not go. They say the new, young minister, Glenn, went. Rather unusual, I think. You can imagine his congregation was dumfounded. By the way, speaking of circuses, I forgot to tell you that the new pony was a circus pony, quite a treasure. He can pace, march, jump the hurdle, climb steps, and other things. You may try him sometime, if you like."

"Yes, father." Sylvia was leaning out the eastern window, laughing softly. "Pace, march, jump the hurdle, *and*—climb steps," she laughed to the roses, "*and many other things.*"

INEX C'ROOM, '12.



Your Theodore

Quick and hairtriggerous,
Joyous and vigorous,
Home from the niggerous
African shore,
Bringing a zoo with me,
Wild beasts a few with me,
What will you do with me,
Your Theodore?

Railroad commissioner?
Graft abolitioner?
High politician?
Farm autocrat?
Nature mythologist?
Trust criminologist?
Universologist?
Something like that?

Yes, I'm at home again,
But soon I'll roam again,
I'll stir up foam again
At the North Pole;
Peary may freeze to stone,
Cook reach the torrid zone,
But I that Pole will own,
Or barter my soul!

Do you admire me?
Would you inspire me?
Do you desire me
Laid on the shelf?
Peace to your pattering,
Scolding or flattering,
Building or battering,
I'll run myself!

Uncle Rastus' Trial Sermon

UNCLE RASTUS was sorely troubled. As he himself expressed it, he was "disturbed in his mind." For forty-seven long and more or less faithful years, he had been pastor of "Zion, African Church, South," and for the same length of time he had christened, given in marriage, and buried, without very much deference to the English language, or even to the alphabet. To be sure, he regularly lined out—

"Swing low, sweet Chariot,
Comin' foh ter kerry me h-o-o-me!"

from a dilapidated "Courtship of Colonial Dames," which had once belonged to his old master. And, indeed, in former blissful days of ignorance, no one would have questioned his right to preach from the standard dictionary, had he desired to do so.

But alas! Progress in the shape of "a committee for the prevention of illiteracy among African ministers" had stolen into the midst of Uncle Rastus' peaceful little flock. Only last Sunday had it been announced that every minister must demonstrate his ability to read and write, before the elders of his own congregation, on the first Sabbath of the next quarter. At first Uncle Rastus was merely indignant, but after continued struggles with the "Courtship" and his Bible, black despair seized his heart. He began to seek solitude—usually with a blue-backed speller under one arm.

But try as he might, he could find no way out of his dilemma. It was late one afternoon, about three days before "trial day," that his grandson found him sitting on an old log in the back lot, with his well-thumbed speller on his knee.

"Foh de Lawd's sake, grandpap," he asked suspiciously, "whatcher doin' out heah on dis ole wet log?"

Uncle Rastus was weary and heartsick.

"Makin' lay-overs foh ter ketch meddlers," he said sharply.

"Bettah be makin' poultices ter ketch de rheumatics," and Ike grinned.

Poor Uncle Rastus did not even try to get mad—he was too tired.

“‘A sassy chile is sharper dan a serpent’s toof,’” he misquoted patiently as he stooped to gather up his books. A bright thought struck him, as he reached for the fallen speller.

“Ikey,” he asked, “ken you read printin’?”

Ikey’s chest swelled with visible pride and he smiled benignly as he said—

“Sho’.”

“Does you ’low dat you ken read ole Marse’s Bible?”

Ikey’s smile was profoundly superior by this time.

“In cose I ken.”

“Den foh de lub ob murey, show me how quick.” And the poor, old darky poured forth his tribulations into Ikey’s willing ears. When he had finished Ike unfolded his plan.

“Grandpap, I ain’t got time to learn you to read, but I ken larn you to say the twenty-third ‘salm off by heart, an’ you ken jes’ make lak to dem ole codgers dat you is readin’.”

Then began a long and painful attempt on the part of instructor and instructed to master the art of memorizing. But on Saturday before the appointed day, Uncle Rastus was no nearer a solution of his problem than he had been before. Ikey, however, was ready with another plan, and as he explained it, Uncle Rastus’ eyes glowed. This last scheme was to conceal himself behind the high, old-fashioned pulpit, and read over his grandsire’s shoulder.

Finally, the appointed day came. The church was crowded to overflowing, and the one, lone kerosene lamp looked down on woolly heads bobbing excitedly, and black faces shining with curiosity.

Promptly, at eight o’clock, Uncle Rastus marched down the centre aisle, the cynosure of all eyes. Looking neither to the right nor to the left, he ascended the pulpit and lined out his hymn. When it had been sung, he leaned pompously over—

“Bruddren an’ sistren,” he began, “I heah dat dar has bin some suspicions amongst yer, ter the effect dat yore pastor am disable to read. To prove the falsification ob sech, I will now turn to the first chaptah ob Genesis.”

Silence reigned supreme. And Uncle Rastus calmly opened his Bible.

The suspense was terrible; even the impassive elders had their heads craned eagerly forward.

In the back of the room Mr. Thomas Jefferson Hezekiah Jones, who had been one of the most active workers on the committee, was holding forth in a confidential undertone for the benefit of Uncle Rastus' friends: "I jes' knowed Brudder Rastus wud show you niggahs. He's a born disclaimer—dat man ain't no respector ob persons—"

"Dat's right," agreed a stout sister in the amen corner. "Brer Rastus sho' don't respect nobody."

About this time, Uncle Rastus mercifully decided to relieve the situation. He solemnly cleared his throat and then, with much dignity, extracted his bandanna handkerchief from the depths of his coat-tails—this was the signal agreed upon with his grandson.

"'In the beginning,'" prompted Ikey in a stage whisper.

"'In de beginnin','" repeated Uncle Rastus, but his eloquent gesture said, "I told you so!"

"'God ereated Heaven and earth.'"

"'De Lawd made Heben an' erf.'"

Ikey suppressed a giggle.

"'And the earth was without form.'"

"'An' de erf wuz widout form,'" declared Uncle Rastus, bringing his fist down on the desk with such a whack that Sister Snowball White, who "shouted" on the slightest provocation, sprung from her seat, flung her arms roofward and hollered "Glory!" At the same time she managed to give Miss Saphronia Jenkins a caress, which effectually put an end to the career of that lady's gay, "merry widow" hat.

Uncle Rastus, not to be disconcerted by such trifles, calmly continued his discourse—

"'And void.'"

"'An' void.'"

"'And darkness was upon the face of the deep.'"

"'An' darkness wuz upon the face of the deep.'"

At this juncture, Uncle Rastus' thumb obscured the faithful Ikey's view.

"Move your thumb, grandpap," he whispered excitedly.

"'And move your thumb, grandpap!'" roared the unsuspecting parson.

Ikey was mad. "Now you've fixed it," he said wrathfully.

Uncle Rastus was warning to his subject. He wagged an accusing finger at his dusky elders.

"'An' now you have fixed it!'" he thundered with righteous indignation.

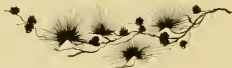
Uncle Rastus' audience was sympathetic and well-meaning to the last degree. But things were becoming a trifle mixed even for them. Slowly, but surely, a comprehending smile dawned on the puzzled faces of the congregation; and for an instant pandemonium threatened. But for an instant only.

Intuitively, Uncle Rastus felt that something was wrong. He paused and wiped his streaming face with his already limp bandanna. For the space of a moment, as he faced his congregation, a dejected look swept over his wrinkled old countenance. Then his roving glance fell on Mr. Thomas Jefferson Hezekiah Jones, and settled there. That affable colored gentleman plainly, and undeniably, winked. It was a move worthy of a Wellington, and Uncle Rastus met it like a Bonaparte.

"Brer Jones," he said with a beaming smile, "will you kin'ly lead us in a few words of pra'r?"

And five hundred dusky heads, their suspicions allayed, bowed in trustful silence.

MILDRED HARRINGTON, '12.



Woman's Way

LOU DEEVER sat wearily down on the doorstep of her cabin, and with trembling hands began peeling Irish potatoes in preparation for the noon meal. Her limp sunbonnet slipping from her head brought to view a wrinkled face with the only trace of its former comeliness shining in a pair of large, gray eyes. Her hair was in a tight knot, her dress plain and ill fitting, and her shoes heavy and dust covered. Since six o'clock that morning she had been at work in the garden hoeing corn with nothing but the sunbonnet and thin calico dress to protect her head and shoulders from the blazing sun. She was tired, and surprised at herself for being thus; other mountain women were used to working all day in the fields and devoting only an hour at noon to cooking and eating their dinner without feeling great weariness. Lou's husband had been good to her and had seldom required anything of her besides household duties. This was before his attack of the grippe six weeks ago. Since then he had not resumed his usual course of work, and seemed to be acquiring a habit of laziness. This made all things different in her married life.

"Hallo, old woman! been a-hoein'! I'm mighty glad you didn't forgit dinner, for I'm powerful tuckered out. It's a long pull to Bull Gap, but I hed to look ater thet timber even if I ain't able to crawl."

Lou smiled inwardly upon hearing this last time-worn statement. She glanced up at her husband; he stood straight, tall and strong, and looked condescendingly at the garden plot where such a tiny piece showed signs of the morning's hoeing.

"It's only a little bit," she apologized, following the direction of his eyes.

"Thet's all right. In a week or two I'll be well enough to take up the work agen."

He had said that four weeks ago. "You must be tired, Joe. It's a long tramp to Bull Gap and back." There was a tinge of sarcasm in her voice. He had been too weak to stay at home

and work, yet he had taken this more wearisome trip up the mountain.

Soon the meal was prepared. To-day neither seemed to have much to say. Lou was revolving many things in her mind; Joe, planning an afternoon of ease and pleasure.

Dinner was over, and Joe, on some pretense of business, started down to the store, where, his wife knew, he would sit smoking and gossiping to his heart's content. She was angry. It was so unlike her husband not to work, and to excuse himself so easily. But being a just woman, she convinced herself that it was through no real wickedness that he had developed such laziness. She came to the conclusion that it was only a habit come upon him since the grippe, and a pleasant one to Joe, who had worked so hard all his life.

How to break this habit of her husband's without causing any discontent to creep into their married life occupied most of her thoughts. At first she had been pleased at being able to keep things going while Joe was convalescent. She was proud of herself then—now it seemed that she was well on the way to being the sole working force of the establishment for weeks to come. She was not strong enough to keep it up, and her self-respect came to her aid, convincing her that it was not right to either of them for one to assume the whole labor.

She argued this all out to herself as she washed the dishes. Her anger increased, and the conviction that she must do something definite now or drag out a miserable existence of heavy work became strong in her heart. She was not going to hoe any more that evening at any rate. This would be a good beginning. So after making herself more presentable in a clean dress and lighter pair of shoes, she sat down on the front doorsteps to think.

Here she could have a good view of the main road, and she hoped for some sign to appear which would point out the right way to act. Lou firmly believed in signs and wonders; for had not some calamity come into her life every time a member of her family killed a black snake, or some joy every time a bald eagle had flown over the cabin? This last event had not occurred often, Lou observed sourly to herself.

The sign came in the form of the preacher, who was driving by in his jogging mule cart. He hailed her from the main road with, "Get your bonnet, Aunt Lou, and come up to Mary Bailey's with me. She's sick and needs a word o' cheer."

In a few minutes Lou, with her new pink sunbonnet on and a pat of fresh butter in a pail for Mary, was seated in the cart by Brother Jones' side. It was not very long before the preacher knew just what she had been thinking about for the last hour, and more, too, of her resolutions and the incidents leading up to them. Lou's confession came as a ray of hope. Times were dull in the settlement; Mary's illness was the only excitement. The preacher, being a man of spirit, felt downhearted at the state of affairs. There was not even enough inspiration to bring forth his next Sunday's sermon. Now, here was excitement in the bud, besides a good sermon topic of husbands' obligations to their wives. So it was that he fanned the flame of Lou's resentment rather than calmed it.

When Mary's cabin came into view, Lou did not brighten up as was her wont when there was a prospect of talking with some one. Thoughts of her husband weighed heavily on her mind. The preacher carried on most of the conversation, so the visit was a failure as far as Lou was concerned.

During the drive back from Mary's home, Brother Jones noticed that Lou had grown quite pale and was gripping the empty tin bucket with trembling hands. He refrained from talking too much about the whole matter, but kept reminding her at intervals of her duty to rebuke her husband.

The mule stopped at Joe's cabin. Lou got out. "I'll come with you, you'll need spiritual help," said the preacher, as if he were conferring a favor upon her. He was determined to see all stages of the coming quarrel, and perhaps to pose as peacemaker.

"You needn't," said Lou, with a little lift of her head, so that the astonished preacher could see her beautiful, gray eyes alight with joy under the pink sunbonnet.

He looked towards the cabin and to the garden spot. There was Joe with hoe in hand working hard. A big piece of new-

turned ground had been added to Lou's feeble attempt of the morning.

The mule wondered—if mules do wonder—why his usually saintly master beat him so on the drive home. Sister Jones wondered—for wives will wonder—why the preacher wore for many days the air of a disappointed man. There was a weak sermon on reconciliation preached for Joe and Lou's benefit next Sunday, but Lou was too happy to take it to herself, while Joe's mind was fully occupied with plans for planting a crop of late corn.

ROSE BATTERHAM, '11.







SCENE FROM "AS YOU LIKE IT."

—The Ben Greet Players.



CHRISTMAS PLAY
THE ADELPHIAN SOCIETY



SCENES FROM "THE LITTLE MINISTER"

The Little Minister

Presented by the Adelphian Literary Society, Friday evening,
November 26, 1909.

CAST

Gavin Dysart, <i>The Little Minister</i>	Laura Weill
Lord Rintoul.....	Leah Boddie
Captain Hallowell.....	Mattie Abernathy
Sergeant Davidson.....	Belle Hicks
Rob Dow.....	Marian Stevens
Joe Cruickshanks.....	Margaret Cooper
Micah Dow.....	Sophia Hart
Elders—Tammam Whamond.....	Emily Hyman
Sneaky Hobart.....	Mary McCulloch
Andrew Mealmaker.....	Catherine Jones
Silva Tosh.....	Edith Mason
Twaits, the Butler.....	Rose Batterham
Babbie.....	Frances Broadfoot
Nannie Webster.....	Mellie Cotchett
Felice, a French Maid.....	Helen Austin
Jean, the Manse Servant.....	Agnes Lacy

SYNOPSIS

ACT I.

A scene in Caddam Wood on a moonlight night in April.

ACT II.

Scene 1—Nannie Webster's Cottage. Scene 2—The Manse Garden.

ACT III.

Drawing-room in Lord Rintoul's Castle.

ACT IV.

The Manse Garden.



SCENE FROM "THE EGYPTIAN PRINCESS"

The Egyptian Princess

Cornelian Society Operetta, February 4, 1910.

CAST

Queen of Egypt.....	Miss Ethel Harris
Princess Aida (her daughter).....	Miss Sadie Rice
Princess Tabulu (sister to the Queen).....	Miss Gretchen Taylor
Nyssa {	{ Miss Frances Fry
Phila {	{ Miss Mary Nixon
Alva (a favorite slave).....	Mrs. B. C. Sharpe
Queen Grania (captive Queen).....	Miss Edna Cohen
Herub (daughter of Wizard).....	Miss Frances Craven
First Danseuse	Miss Laura McAllister
Second Danseuse.....	Miss Nora Belle Wilson

Chorus of Priestesses, Slaves, and Egyptian Girls

Conductor, Hermann H. Hoexter

SCENE

An Egyptian Court partly open to the sky



FENCING SCENE FROM "THE EGYPTIAN PRINCESS"
"WITH A ONE, TWO, THREE, AND A PARRY AND A THRUST"



SCENES FROM "THE EGYPTIAN PRINCESS"





CORNELIAN REUNION BANQUET

Cornelian Reunion Banquet

At the Commencement of 1909 there were reunions of both the Cornelian and Adelpian Literary Societies. As a part of the entertainment of their Alumnae the Cornelian Society on Saturday evening gave a banquet in the dining-hall of the Spencer Building.

The most striking features of the decoration of the hall were the great garlands of pink roses and cedar which hung from the beams, and the banks of palms and ferns. The tables, arranged in the shape of the Cornelian pin, were beautifully decorated with smilax and large bowls of daisies and ferns. At each place was a dainty blue booklet, which contained, in order, an embossed design of the Cornelian pin, a greeting to the old Cornelians, the entrance to the Students' Building, the program of the reunion, the interior of the Cornelian Society Hall, the menu, and toasts.

At nine o'clock the guests began to arrive, and soon the 450 places were filled. A short address of welcome was made by the toastmistress, Miss Kate Jeffreys, who announced the toasts in the following order:

"To the Old Cornelians".....Nettie Dixon
Response.

"To the Cornelian Faculty".....Nannie Lacy
Response.

"To the Honorary Members".....Clara Lanbe
Response.

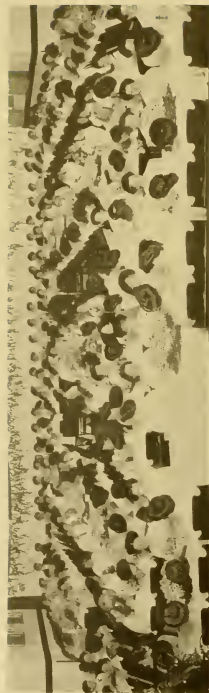
"To the Visitors".....Lillian Dalton
Response.

"To the Future of the Society".....Edna Duke
Response.

"To the College".....Eleanor Huske
Response.

During the course of the banquet the Italian Orchestra of Winston furnished music.

It was, indeed, an evening when Cornelians, new and old, realized how enduring and sacred is the bond of Cornelian sisterhood.



ADULTERAN REUNION BANQUET

The Adelpkian Reunion

The Adelpkian Literary Society was organized in 1893. At every Commencement for sixteen years a few of its former members have come back to meet with the Society and to enjoy the other events of Commencement Week. The Commencement of 1909, however, found an unusually large gathering of Adelpkians who had returned to the College to attend the first Adelpkian Reunion ever held. On the afternoon of Saturday, May 22, the annual business meeting of the Society was held. This gave to the old members an opportunity to hear about the present work of the Society; while they, in turn, brought to the active members many inspiring and helpful messages.

In the evening a banquet was served in honor of the Adelpkian Alumnae in the Auditorium of the Students' Building. Miss Jessie Smoak, the toastmistress, presided over the tables and introduced the speakers, who gave the following toasts:

- "To the Adelpkian Alumnae". Miss Clyde Stancill
Response. Mrs. Tempie Parker Harris
- "To the Adelpkian Literary Society". Miss Helen Austin
Response. Miss Linda Shuford
- "To the College". Miss Frances Broadfoot
Response. Miss Laura Hill Coit

The Cornelian Initiation

Early on the first Friday morning in November the girls of this College were much excited over the arrival upon the campus of a fierce-looking goat with a great bow of blue and gold tied around his neck. This formidable looking creature heralded the coming of the initiation that night.

After the initiatory service, the customary entertainment was given for the new members, but this time it took the unique and enjoyable form of a barn party. The dining-hall was transformed. A mellow, yellow light proceeding from the grinning features of innumerable Jack-o'-lanterns pervaded the room, and stacks of sweet-smelling hay lent a rustic charm. In one corner, in a cornstalk booth, a gypsy-like fortune-teller read the palms of the curious guests. In another, the disciples of Izaak Walton angled impatiently for souvenir plaques with burnt-in designs of the Cornelian pin. See-saws, long rope swings dangling from the sills, and wheels of fortune furnished further amusement. But what is a barn without a dance? Soon the negro fiddlers struck up on a good old-time dance tune, and a group of dainty milkmaids, wearing white aprons and carrying milkpails, came out and danced the Virginia reel and the square dance with true country spirit.

In the meantime, the refreshments were not neglected. Ice cream and cake were served from a dairy in the back of the room. The guests helped themselves to bananas that hung temptingly just above their heads. Barrels of apples stood along the walk, and grapes, peanuts and chestnuts were everywhere. Dainty little fern-covered springs of cooling lemonade provided with tiny gourd dippers invited the thirsty.

The various diversions were enjoyed by every one, and when the fiddlers began to play "Home, Sweet Home," the guests reluctantly departed.

The Adelpbian Initiation

On the evening of the 6th of November, 1909, the sixteenth annual initiation of the Adelpbian Literary Society was held with the customary state and dignity. On that evening those to whom a kindly fortune had given the privilege of becoming Adelpbians received their first glimpse of the Adelpbian Society assembled as a body. The initiation itself—that mysterious and binding ceremony—was over in what seemed but a brief space; the new members who were now to devote their strength and loyalty to the Society had begun to learn the principles and ideals for which the name Adelpbian stands, and all, both old and new, happy and enthusiastic, adjourned to Spencer Building, where a cordial welcome awaited them in the brilliantly lighted dining hall.

The snowy tables stood arranged in the shape of a diamond. The trees of the waning autumn had yielded up a glowing mass of red and gold as their tribute to the occasion, and this wealth of foliage, intermingled with evergreens, and lighted by gay pumpkin lanterns, adorned the tables in a most festive manner. The Society colors of red and gold appeared also on the wrapping of the souvenirs—wee silver picture frames. The gay strains of the orchestra accorded with the mood of the banqueters who streamed in to their seats. At each place was a menu card—a mingled program of the "Material" and "Immaterial" events that were to follow. The "Material" included this menu:

Turkey	Cranberry Sauce
Tomatoes	Mayonnaise
Beaten Biscuit	
Sandwiches	Macaroons
Ice	
Crackers	Coffee
	Cheese

The "Immaterial" consisted of the following toasts:

"To Our New Members".....	Catharine Jones, 1911
"To the Cornelian Society".....	Frances Broadfoot, 1911
"To the Adelpbian Society".....	Clyde Stancill, 1910
"To the Visitors".....	Sophia Hart
"To the Alumnae".....	Laura Weill, 1910
"To the Faculty".....	Leah Boddie, 1912
"To the College".....	Winnie McWhorter, 1910
"To the Future of the Adelpbian Society".....	Emilie Hyman, 1910

Mellie Cotchett, 1910, introduced the speakers.



Senior Tree Night

On the night before Thanksgiving Day,
Quite unknown to the College folk,
We gathered for a little fun,
Around our sturdy oak.

The merry flames of our campfire
Disclosed a cheerful sight—
Girls drinking steaming chocolate
From new tin cups so bright.

We toasted squashy marshmallows,
And burnt our fingers well;
And after that each did aspire
Some funny joke to tell.

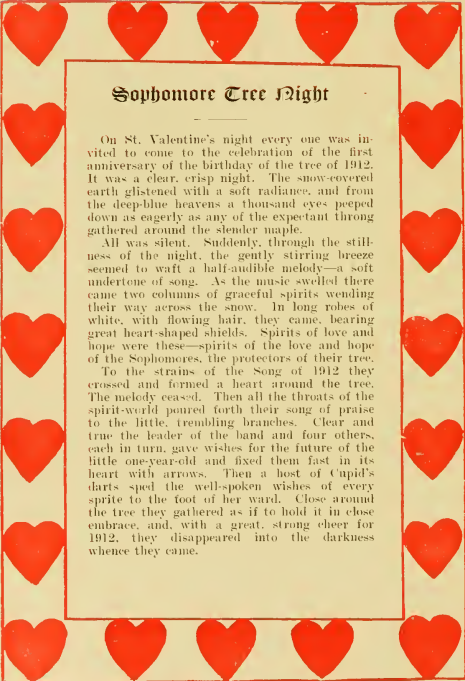
We sang sweet songs to our class tree,
Because we loved it so;
We said it was our hope, our pride;
We begged our oak to grow.

About this time a great, tall man
Came out to see our sport,
And boldly drank from those tin cups,
As if it were his forte.

Then after we had cheered this man,
And all good-nights were said,
We cheered again for nineteen-ten,
And crept away to bed.



On a chilly night in late December the Gypsies, for the third time, celebrated with song and dance the anniversary of their tree. Preceding that gay band of revellers to their trysting place Dame Night and her child Sleep appeared in the glow of a bright campfire. Soon, from the surrounding shadows, brilliantly clad figures glided into the light and flew around and around to the tune of a weird chanting chorus. As they ceased their whirling, the Queen of them all stepped into their midst and charged her subjects with renewed zeal and enthusiasm. In response there arose the familiar strains of these Gypsies' song—the song of the Class of 1911, as a pledge of love and loyalty. When the last "Als ich kann" had rung out, the Gypsies sank into slumber on the grass, their eyelids made heavy by Sleep's magic wand, and out of the darkness woodland sprites, dewdrops, and moonbeams flitted forward, chanting a song of promise and hope. But here the dreamy scene was broken in upon. A bugle call gave warning of the approaching day. The Gypsies arose swiftly from their brief sleep, and, with a farewell song, slipped again into the shadowy trees whence they had come.

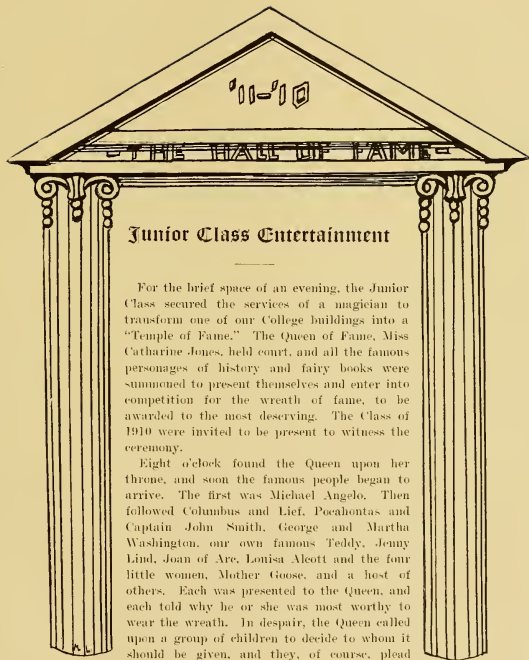


Sophomore Tree Night

On St. Valentine's night every one was invited to come to the celebration of the first anniversary of the birthday of the tree of 1912. It was a clear, crisp night. The snow-covered earth glistened with a soft radiance, and from the deep-blue heavens a thousand eyes peeped down as eagerly as any of the expectant throng gathered around the slender maple.

All was silent. Suddenly, through the stillness of the night, the gently stirring breeze seemed to waft a half-audible melody—a soft undertone of song. As the music swelled there came two columns of graceful spirits wending their way across the snow. In long robes of white, with flowing hair, they came, bearing great heart-shaped shields. Spirits of love and hope were these—spirits of the love and hope of the Sophomores, the protectors of their tree.

To the strains of the Song of 1912 they crossed and formed a heart around the tree. The melody ceased. Then all the throats of the spirit-world poured forth their song of praise to the little, trembling branches. Clear and true the leader of the band and four others, each in turn, gave wishes for the future of the little one-year-old and fixed them fast in its heart with arrows. Then a host of Cupid's darts sped the well-spoken wishes of every sprite to the foot of her ward. Close around the tree they gathered as if to hold it in close embrace, and, with a great, strong cheer for 1912, they disappeared into the darkness whence they came.



For the brief space of an evening, the Junior Class secured the services of a magician to transform one of our College buildings into a "Temple of Fame." The Queen of Fame, Miss Catharine Jones, held court, and all the famous personages of history and fairy books were summoned to present themselves and enter into competition for the wreath of fame, to be awarded to the most deserving. The Class of 1910 were invited to be present to witness the ceremony.

Eight o'clock found the Queen upon her throne, and soon the famous people began to arrive. The first was Michael Angelo. Then followed Columbus and Lief, Pocahontas and Captain John Smith, George and Martha Washington, our own famous Teddy, Jenny Lind, Joan of Arc, Louisa Alcott and the four little women, Mother Goose, and a host of others. Each was presented to the Queen, and each told why he or she was most worthy to wear the wreath. In despair, the Queen called upon a group of children to decide to whom it should be given, and they, of course, plead

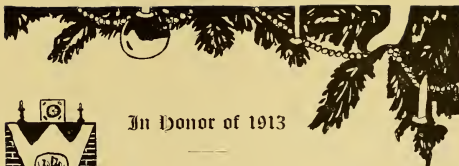
for their beloved Mother Goose. So Mother Goose wore the coveted wreath around the crown of her tall, peaked hat. But still there remained one vacant chair, and the Queen declared that no one was more worthy of filling it than the President of the Class of 1910—Miss Mamie Griffin. The whole assembled company then marched down from the stage and entered into friendly converse with the Senior guests, when lo! four latecomers entered upon the scene. The famous Greensboro Quartet, though too late to compete for the wreath, were nothing loath to sing several of their beautiful songs.

Famous folk and Seniors then proceeded to the adjoining room, where a light supper was served. The menu consisted of:

Grape Fruit Salad	
Beaten Biscuit	Olives
Pepper Sandwiches	
Orange Ice	Cakes

The color scheme of the decorations was green and white. The walls were draped with evergreens, and in every available corner was placed a fern or a palm. The same idea was carried out in the arrangement of the table. There was a large, graceful fern in the center of the table, and at every place lay a dainty menu card with the Senior Class flower—a white rose—painted on it. Just before the guests departed, Mother Goose presented each with a lovely sofa pillow of green felt with the figures-1910 upon it. The College Orchestra furnished music for the occasion.





WHEN the excitement of initiation had waned, and before Christmas had become the sole topic of conversation, the Freshmen were invited to make merry with their sister Sophomores, the Faculty being honored chaperons.

The chapel of the Curry Building was the meeting place. Here, as in the invitations, the Freshman color scheme was carried out in blue and white decorations. Rugs and cushions made luxurious seats for those whom dignity had not stiffened. For these latter unfortunates comfortable rockers and couches were provided.

Thus pleasantly situated, guests and hostesses enjoyed the music of the College Orchestra. Soon, however, a mysterious curtain was drawn aside and a college girl's cosy room appeared as the scene of action of a dramatic episode. After the last act had ended, sleigh bells were heard and every one decided to investigate.

In a room close by, the surprise of the evening was disclosed. Santa Claus had consented to aid the Sophomores in entertaining the "children" and cordially invited every one to enter his domain. Everything wore a truly Christmas aspect. By the glowing embers the Faculty stockings were dimly discerned, and—best of all—in one corner a towering Christmas tree glittered with its candles and tinsel decorations. Santa took from its branches a stocking for every good child present—and from the recipients we must judge that everybody was good. Every one caught the spirit of the occasion and, sitting "tailor-fashion" on the floor, cracked nuts and jokes.

The punch-bowl drew the company back to the reception-room at last. Here the time passed quickly in recitations, music, and like enjoyments. Suddenly the attention of the guests was attracted to the corner of the room where the Sophomores had quietly gathered around the punch-bowl. Here they raised their glasses and sang the following toast:

"Nineteen-thirteen! Nineteen-thirteen!
You're a good class through and through.
You're a credit to this North State,
And to all the College, too!
May good luck be ever with you.
May your aim be sure and true.
Three cheers for Nineteen-thirteen—
Here's the Sophomores' love to you!"

The hours had flown so swiftly that it was hard to realize the time for good-byes was at hand.

Ere he departed, Santa Claus said Peary and Cook had caused him to drop his pack, but he still had hopes of recovering it. This announcement was entirely forgotten, so imagine the surprise of Freshmen and Faculty when book-racks with a Freshman monogram stenciled in blue were found among their Christmas gifts.



A Different Point of View

There's many a one, like Bobby Burns,

For others' thoughts doth pray.

With eager ear he always learns

The gossip of the day;

And yet he sighs and yet he yearns:

"Oh, wad some Power the giftie gie us

To see oursel's as ithers see us!"

I do not think my wish would be

Quite Bobby Burns's style—

To know another's thoughts of me

Behind that wooden smile—

But I should ask on bended knee:

"Oh, wad some Power grant us the spell

That others may see us as we see oursel'!"

Statistics

GRAY—*Prettiest.*

Ah! here's the fairest of her race;

Ah! here's a form divine.

Here's every virtue, every grace,

These, Ruby Gray, are thine.



STYRON—*Most Independent.*

She has opinions of her own,
Her will's unalterable as stone.
If a "Weill" beast should come at night,
She'd gladly rise and greet the sight.



HANSELL—*Tardiest.*

I hurry and hurry from morning 'till night.

And yet I'm always late;

Bells are forever ringing too soon;

Mine is a wretched fate.



POLLARD—*Most Studious.*
The first thing in the morning,
The last at night,
Is always a book
In Annie Maude's sight.

GILL—*Daintiest.*
Daintiness, you know, is hard to define,
But in this sweet charm Louise leads the line.



GRIFFIN—*Most Sincere.*
Thoughtful of others and always true,
She'll help you a difficult task to do,
A friend to-day, and a friend to-morrow,
A friend in joy, and a friend in sorrow.

NIXON—*Most Sarcastic.*
Behold, here, Mary Nixon!
Though she isn't quite a vixen,
Yet her words are most sarcastic.
And her moods are quite bombastic.



GLENN—*Jolliest.*
I may dodge work, but never folly;
I'm never sad, but ever jolly.

ROBERTSON—*Laziest.*
They say that I shirk all manner of work,
But with them, I can't quite agree;
I sleep time away, play cards half the day.
So my time's occupied, don't you see?





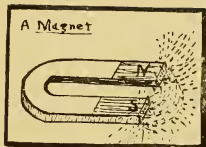
ROBINSON—*Most Womanly.*
The traits of a womanly woman
Are hers without any flaws;
She uses beautiful English,
But her favorite word's "because."

PARSONS—*Biggest Tease.*
There's one who's a tease,
Nor does she spare a creature,
She always sees a kiss, a squeeze.
Yet this same girl's a "preacher."



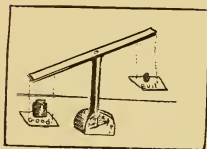
COTCHETT—*Most Popular.*
Popular with her schoolmates,
And with each one sincere;
She holds the first place in our hearts,
And ranks without a peer.

BROADFOOT—*Most Attractive.*
 She's like a forceful magnet,
 That with its mighty power
 Attracts each passing object,
 And holds it hour by hour.



JOHN—*Most Dignified.*
 Dignity of bearing,
 Stateliness of tread
 Are hers.
 Does she impress the "Preps"
 With all her measured steps?
 She does.

SUMMERELL—*Most Conscientious.*
 It might hurt Jane's conscience
 If we'd praise as we'd choose;
 For she dictates of conscience
 She'll never abuse.



HERRING—*Best Musician.*
 There's a pleasure in the rhythmic beat
 Of music in full swing.
 This girl, who's quite a genius,
 Can play just anything.



LACY—*Best Dancer.*

As lightly as Diana led the choral dance of yore,
So the form of this fair maiden glides along the
ballroom floor.

JONES—*Most Athletic.*

I love, I love the open air,
I could walk from here to anywhere;
Every exercise I've tried;
In snow times I slide;
Basket-ball, tennis, it's all the same;
I'm playing sport, I'm always game.



LAMBE—*Cleverest.*

Clara owns a little lamb,
It is a clever mutton;
It works its little brain so hard
Bright thoughts just come out buttin'.



BROOKS—*Smallest.*

Somehow this maiden didn't grow;
The reason why we do not know;
But all the same we're sure it's so;
She wouldn't, couldn't, didn't grow.



HUSKE—*Most Influential.*

She rules us all with gentle sway,
Our faults overlooks as best she may.
To her our homage we humbly bring,
And ever her praises gladly sing.

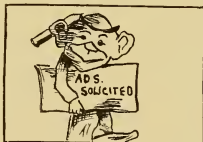


DICKSON—*Talkative.*

She's noted all around for her great verbosity,
Her merry laugh, and ardent curiosity.
Like the rippling brook that chattered as it went
She talks, and talks, and nothing can prevent.

MORING—*Most Business-Like.*

A business-like appearance,
A business turn of mind;
She never breaks engagements,
And never gets behind.



RAMSEY—*Handsomest.*

Like the famous Annie Laurie
In the quaint old song of old,
This maiden is the fairest
In the lands from pole to pole.



WEILL—*Most Stylish.*
 We do not take a fashion book
 To find what's the style.
 We simply open wide our eyes,
 And look towards Laura Weill.

MOSES—*Best All-Round Girl.*
 An enthusiastic worker,
 With a brain that's bright and quick—
 Excuse the slang expression—
 And I'll tell you she's a "brick."



STANCILL—*Typical College Girl.*
 We put her forth to represent
 The best that's in us all;
 We think she's fine in everything,
 Especially basket-ball.



Little "Jim"

Twice every week we go to "Jim,"
All because of love for him.
We form two lines, straight as a stick,
And give our numbers very quick;
After which we take commands
That make us move our feet and hands,
"Attention!" "Open ranks and spaces!"
Then left and right we turn our faces,
"Arms upward, downward, backward stretch!"
Then elbows to our sides we fetch,
To right and left we often "lunge,"
Just as fencers for a plunge,
Climbing like monkeys we do detest,
But our teacher thinks 'tis best,
Up on the box with knees, then feet,
We thus prepare for our "Jim meet."
Then in two lines we march around,
And upward to our rooms we bound.

Initiation Day

'Twas the day of initiation, when all through the house,
Every creature was stirring; even every little mouse.
The dresses were carried to the laundry with care,
For initiation bustle filled all the air;
Hustling and bustling and shouts of glee,
And girls with tearful eyes you could see;
And out on the campus there arose such a clatter
All sprang from their rooms to see what was the matter,
And there by the walk, with daring sway,
A ferocious goat held all at bay,
Trembling girls looked about with affright,
And thought with horror of the approaching night.
Then when the dreaded night was there
Each passed into Mystery with a silent prayer.
But what they saw in that secret hall
Will remain forever unknown to all.
But when each was snug and safe in her bed,
Goats and greasy poles still danced through her head!

A Few Bromides

I'll never wash my hair again.
A pusillanimous eppizooty.
Don't you despise to take Gym?
I've got to write contracts.
Berdoo said so.
Isn't that the cutest thing you ever saw?
Of course, it has to rain on Monday.
What time are you going to get up to-morrow morning?
Have you worked that last Geometry problem?
Have you seen a stray Postoffice key tied with a red ribbon?
Can you play Hockey this afternoon?
Who are you going to walk with?
Have you paid for your overshoes?
Has "Prep." rung?
Has the mail been put up?
Have you read your Latin?
Have you begun your essay?
Please give me a subject for an English paper.
That's not so bad.

A Riddle

It's black and it's white, and it hangs in the air;
It has to be pulled, yet it goes everywhere.
Though swayed by a touch, its heart is of steel,
And stirs Normal hearts before every meal.
But still we admit it's blood and flesh.
And though many years old, the years make it "Fresh."
Though always the same, it has many a name,
But the one which has earned such a rep.—
For black man, for bell, and maiden as well—
Is simply "Prep!"

Senior Class Roll

A is for Andrews, so oft "out of town."
B, our class baby, is Mary Louise Brown.
C stands for Coats, who'll indulge in no folly,
And also for Cotehett, so plump and so jolly.
Then Cooper, ambitious, a good teacher will make,
Who works all the day for her conscience sake.
D stands for Davis, who jabbles away;
Also for Dixon, who has naught to say.
G is for Griffin, so kind and so dear,
A girl we all love because she's sincere.
Of H's there are many—Huske, Hyman and Hicks,
And Hassell, "the last," "always late," "in a fix";
Then Harper comes in for her share of the fun
And indulges in letters when the candy's all done.
J is for John, with her poor aching head;
Just call when you will and you'll find her in bed.
Of K's there are two—Misses Keeter and Kime,
Both girls who are steady and do things on time.
Now Ledbetter and Lambe are both slender and tall,
One fond of geology, the other of ball.
Moring, the business girl; Martin, the flirt,
And Munds, with her "Piggie," who tugs at her skirt;
Then Mason, McWhorter, McCulloch and Powers
Are all of them worthy, good members of ours.
R stands for Robinson, "Aunt Betty," you'll say,
Quite eager to please in her own gentle way;
And then there is Robertson, "quite lazy," you'll hear.
But, in reality, a smarter you won't find, I fear;
Roberts is quiet, but would just like to know
If you've seen her "dear Laura," the girl she loves so.
S stands for Stancill, who is often quite blue;
And also for Summerell, who a pill will give you;
Stevens, the bookworm, and Vernon, sedate,
Who visit each other, both early and late.
Now, Wilson's deep dimples cause envy to all,
And Wooten's the girl who gets fruit in the fall.
The last on the roll—Weill—a girl very dear,
But who's broken more hearts than she'll e'er mend, I fear.

Recent Additions to the Library

A Study in Scarlet—1911.
The House of Full-fill-ment—Hutton's.
The Catch of the Season—Mumps.
Pigs in Clover—Annette Munds.
The Silent Places—The Library.
Lives of the Hunted—Contract Writers.
Wild Animals I Have Known—Byrd, Fox, Moose.
The Tempest—Rosa Lee Asbury.
Far From the Madding Crowd—Forest House.
The Crisis—Mid-term Exams.
The White Company—Normal Girls in uniform.
The Slow Train Through Arkansas—Aunt Betty.
Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm—Rebecca Herring.
The Title Market—Statistic Elections.
The Island of Regeneration—Annie Moring.
Forty Minutes Late—Lila Justice.
Beyond the Boundary—The Day Scholars.
The Inner Shrine—The Society Halls.
The Fighting Chance—Tournament.
The Four Roads to Paradise—A. B., B. P., B. S. and B. M. Courses.
The House of a Thousand Candles—Spencer, when the electric current gives out.
Innocents Abroad: The Newcomes—The Freshmen.
On Christmas Day in the Morning—Seniors before Christmas Holidays.
A Captured Santa Claus—Annie Dodge Glenn.
Our Mutual Friend—Mr. Foust.



PARK SCENE

Directory

Pearle Robertson—In Clyde's room.
Mellie Cotchett—Asleep.
Pollard-Munds—Anywhere together.
Edith Hassell—Trying to get to English on time.
"Aunt Betty"—Walking through Spencer, bell in hand.
Alice Ledbetter—Dr. G.'s Laboratory.
Munds, Huske, Hassell, Coats, Stevens, Grillin, Andrews—Meeting
Miss D—
Laura Weill—Pursuing Miss B.
Mary Nixon—In Delphine's room.
Margaret Cobb—Hanging on a door-knob.
Viola Keeter—Practicing.
Bessie Coats—Collecting fees.
Annie Moring—In Library.
Belle Tillinghast—In the Infirmary.
Marion Stevens—In the Bookroom.
Miss G.—Down town.
Belle Hicks—Running after Miss N.
Emilie Hymau—Reading Berdoe.
Mildred Mose—Running her graphophone.
Dr. G.—Taking students for a walk.
Lila Justice—Writing contracts.
Willard Powers—At the phone.
Miss Mc.—Asleep in her room.
Miss K.—In Library reading the *Charlotte Observer*.
Nan McArn—Going back after biscuits.
Roy Lovelace and Agnes Lacy—Going down town.
Ethel Skinner—Practice room.
Jamie Bryan—Somewhere between room 23 and 80 Spencer.
Delphine Brown—In her room pouring over her books.
Catharine Jones—In the postoffice.
Nora Carpenter—Feeding the alligator "Carpenteriensis."

How It Strikes a Contemporary

Hicks—"What I aspired to be and was not comforts me."

Cotchett—"Let's contend no more love,

Strive nor weep,

All be as before love,

Only sleep."

Lambe—"I say that man was made to grow, not stop."

Hyman—"Hold the last, fast."

Stevens—"Open my heart and you shall see

Graven inside of it, 'Geology.'"

Roberts—"She should never have looked at me if she meant I should not love her."

Munds-Pollard—"Hither we walked then side by side,

Arm in arm, and cheek to cheek."

Huske—"But time escapes; live now or never."

Robinson—"She liked whate'er she looked on, and her looks went every-where."

Moring—"That shall be to-morrow, not to-night."

Coats—"Escape me, never."

McWhorter—"Look at the end of work, contrast the petty done, the undone vast."

Summerell—"I am unmoved by men's blame or their praise either."

Griffin—"Steadfast, and still the same, on my object bent."

Brown—"Flower of the clove, all the Latin I construe is,

'Amo, I love.'"

Cooper—"The world was right when it called you thin."

Martin, Keeter, Wilson—"Do we view the world as a vale of tears?

Ah, reverend sir, not we."

Powers—"What's done, is done."

Vernon—"I felt as if speech might come."

Dixon—"We who have loved him so, followed him, honored him,"

McCulloch—"Four years we worked each minute of each hour."

Mason—"To dry one's eyes, and laugh at a fall,

And baffled get up and begin again."

Weill—"You know Physics, something of Geology,

Mathematics is your pastime."

Ledbetter—"Back to my book then."

Stancill—"Nobody calls you a dunce."

John—"The world means intensely, and means good."

Robertson—"She was active, stirring, all fire,

Could not rest, could not tire."

Wooten—"This foot once planted on the goal."

Andrews—"Must a game be played?"

Kime—"Grind away, moisten, and mash up thy paste."

Hassell—"I was ever a fighter, so one fight more."

Davis—"I must speak."

Harper—"Loved I not his letter, full of beauty."

Senior Hall—"It's wiser being good than bad."

Choice Sayings We Have Heard

Stancill—"I'll never play another game of basket-ball."

Robertson—"She acts like a wild cat."

Coats—"Let me tell you something."

Weill—"Please write something for the magazine."

Hicks—"Do you reckon I'll pass?"

E. Pollard—"Have you seen Annette?"

McWhorter—"Did I do right?"

Moring—"I don't love that a bit."

Robinson—"That certainly was sweet of you."

Griffin—"Will the meeting *please* come to order."

N. McArn—"Ask John if he has a sweet potato."

Bryan—"Oh, mercy!"

Skinner—"Cert-ny."

A. Lacy—"Oh, pooh!"

Guion—"Great *Moses-Mellie!*"

Sophomore Class—"That's a *splendid* idea."

N. Lacy—"I got the *snydiest* letter this morning."

K. Robinson—"Are you going to get up early in the morn'g?"

Glenn and Moses—"Where is mine bruder?"

Junior Class—"Madam President—I think so, too."

Senior Class—"Let's carry out the same *general idea*."

Rhymes by the Daughter of Mother Goose

Heigho, Editors, have you any stuff?"
"No ma'am, no ma'am, not half enough.
One little story, one little rhyme,
But what we need most is a little bit of time."

A naughty girl, just for fun,
Cut a class, and away she run—
The roll was called,
The girl was hauled
Up to the office
And there she bawled.

Jane, be nimble, Jane, be quick,
Come with your bottles, somebody's sick.

"O Senior Class, O Senior Class,
How does your little oak grow?"
 "Oh, it's very spry,
 It's about two feet high,
But it must be moved, you know."

Dickery, Dickery, Dock,
Lila looks at the clock,
"It's half-past eight; I'm about to be late."
Dickery, Dickery, Dock,

Pearle and Clyde to town did ride
To get ads quite a few.
Pearle got one, and Clyde got none,
And so back home they flew.

Little Miss Mellie
Sat eating some jelly,
All on a fine summer's day;
But along came a cat, chasing a rat,
And it frightened Miss Mellie away.

To the boxes, to the boxes, to get a fat letter,
Home again, home again, feeling no better.

Miss Nora, the shark, sat in the dark
With many a tear and a sigh.
Ninety-nine on a test kept her soul from its rest
And she said, "What a stupid am I!"

The Normal Bunch went to lunch
To get some food to eat.
When they got there
The table was bare,
Except for the molasses sweet.

A Simple Senior met a teacher, walking quite erect.
Said Simple Senior to the teacher, "O for an essay subject!"
Said the teacher to Simple Senior,
"First tell me what you know."
Said Simple Senior to the teacher,
"Nothing at all, O woe!"

Two girls one night, turned out the light,
Leaving Spencer without one ray,
But this device wasn't considered nice.
And their playtime was taken away.



The Normal Alphabet

- A** Stands for the Annual.
A bane and a pest.
- B** Stands for beefsteak.
On which our teeth do their best.
- C** Stands for contracts,
Which we write by the score.
- D's** For dormitory meeting.
Which is a great bore.
- E** Stands for those exams,
And how much we *don't* know.
- F** Stands for flunk,
And the tears which then flow.
- G** Stands for Geometry,
Well connected with flunk.
- H** Is for holiday,
When each girl packs her trunk.
- I** For Initiation,
With its horrors untold.
- J** Stands for "Jim,"
Where we hang from a pole.
- K's** For those kisses
You buy by the pound.
- L** Is for Library,
Where there isn't a sound.
- M** Stands for monotones,
Company blessed beyond all.
- N** Stands for "No Ad."
Meaning "Come in, make a call."
- O** Is for the order
Which we do not keep.
- P** Is for "Prep"
Which disturbs our sweet sleep.
- Q** Quiet Hour,
When we should not make a fuss.
- R** Is for the rubbers
Which they order for us.
- S** For Society
And the new girls' suspense.
- T** Stands for tacks,
Each one worth ten cents.
- U** For umbrellas,
Common property of all.
- V** Vaccination,
A disease of the fall.
- W** White dresses
The Normal girls wear.
- X** Is for Xmas,
The holidays rare.
- Y** For young ladies,
Our epithet dear.
- Z** Stands for zero,
Which brings the end near.

A "Review of Reviews"

What each student brings to her Senior year: Some insignificant privileges, 1 chafing dish, 1 battered rocking chair, 1 worn-out lexicon, 1 brand-new plan book, an exalted opinion of Seniorhood, 1 alarm clock that has seen much usage, 1 faded rug, 1 pair of dilapidated window curtains, 1 Hall devoted exclusively to Seniors, 2 cups without handles, 6 ragged note books, a broken flower vase, 5 battered sofa pillows, 1 privilege of publishing an Annual, 1 new Senior book, 1 pair of shining overshoes, 1 well-marked umbrella, 1 prospect of writing an essay.

What each student takes away from her Senior year: 4 dozen dead carnations, 1 diploma tied with yellow ribbon, 1 stuffed Senior book, 1 Bible, 1 constitution, 1 changed opinion of the glories of Seniorhood, some useless commencement gifts, 1 dilapidated overshoe, the remembrance of an umbrella, $\frac{1}{2}$ dozen wrinkles, 20 gray hairs, the result of getting out an Annual; 1 head stored with knowledge(?), 1 proud family, 1 membership in the Alumnae Association, 1 prospective position as teacher, 1 completed essay, 1 trunk full of worn-out text books, 1 tray full of worn-out note books, 1 package of old letters tied with a faded blue ribbon, 1 commencement dress, 1 class-day dress, 1 fond hope for a reunion 4 years hence, 1 Annual of her very own.

"Things Are Not What They Seem"

In a fine old college
Not ten miles away,
There was a buzz of excitement
One cold, rainy day.

The officials were tired
Of the R. F. D.,
As tired as only
Officials can be.

A postoffice they wished;
So a postoffice they had.
They were then only powerful,
They're now "powerfully glad."

Keys were obtained
From Miss Mary T. Moore.
Sitting in state
Just inside the door.

Now, this is the place
That my tale doth begin.
It's of hopes that were crushed
And concealed with a grin.

A fair, young damsel
Walked over the way
With visions of mail
That was coming that day.

This maid was all eagerness
And tried not to hide
That the mail in her mail-box
Gave her great pride.

But why trembleth so this maiden's hand
When she has read her mail?
Why do her eyes so downcast look?
Why turneth she so pale?

I spent my last red cent, she thought,
To buy this fateful key;
And can the first thing be a bill
That it unlocks to me?

Yes, it was a dreaded "billet-doux,"
In Mr. Forney's hand,
It told her that a "bill was due,"
In letters bold and grand.

At length she forces on a grin
And treats it as a joke.
She doesn't let it break her heart
Though she herself is broke.

G. AVERY, 1913

The Damp-fire

(With apologies to Mr. Kipling)

A Fool there was and she went her way
(Even as you and I)
To her various classes one rainy day,
Nor heeded the puddles that around her lay,
Which showed that of sense she hadn't a ray,
(Even as you and I).

A Fool there was and to chapel she went
(Even as you and I)
And the doctor said, "Though you haven't a cent,
Though your money for rubbers was not meant,
A Fool can't follow her natural bent,"
(Even as you and I).

The Fool got wet to her foolish hide
(Even as you and I).
She went to her room, and her clothes she dried,
And she looked at the rubbers, and then she sighed,
But at the sight of the purse the maiden cried,
(Even as you and I).

It was not the shame of being caught
That stung like a white-hot brand,
But the thought of the pickles she might have bought,
The thought of the pickles she would have bought,
Had her money been left in her hand.

Jokes

SOME ENLIGHTENING EXTRACTS FROM AN EXAMINATION

Nordica was an invention of Schiller's imagination.
Prepositions and past participals are not inflicted.
The hoards of war destroy the herds and the huntsmen.

Miss K. (In English Class): "Who was Dryden?"

Pupil: "Dryden was Sir Roger De Coverley's coachman."

Roy: "You know our Shorthand Class is going to study that great musician, Dante!"

Some of the girls are rather disappointed because the Egyptian *Cantata* was not exactly the kind of *play* they expected.

The new maid's interpretation of the students' "carryings-on" just after the notifications of election to Society membership had been delivered:

Mandy: "Jane, dare's a big meetin' goin' on 'round here somewhar', sho's you bawn."

Jane: "How you know? Is you seed de preachers?"

Mandy: "Well, I ain't seed no preacher, but dese is de quarest actin' folks I've ever seed. Dey's jes' a-shoutin' an' a-cryin' all over de whole place, an' sez I to m'self, I des knows dare's a meetin' goin' on somewhar', 'cause nobody never acts dat way 'cept when dey gits religion."

A stranger, having noticed a group of buildings from the train window as he was passing through Greensboro, asked the porter if he could tell him what they were:

"Yes, sah," replied the porter, with an air of imparting valued information, "that 'ar's the Enormous and Industrious College."

Why are our jokes so poor and few?

Alas for us! we must confess

The criticism's very true.

Its reason from the above you'll guess.

In this "enormous" busy place,

So very industrious must we be,

We struggle forward in the race,

And little merriment we see.

How can we see the fun in life

While Trig. and Solid bar our way,

And essays loom with terrors rife

'Tween us and Graduation Day?

Three hundred lines of Persius grin

Thrice weekly without help to read;

We pore until our eyes grow dim

O'er Pedagogy's horrid creed.

With all these millstones 'round our necks,

Is't strange our jokes so scant should seem?

What can we be but poor, lorn wrecks,

Who laugh but in some sweet, rare dream?

Middle-March

Of all the thoughts of Seniors that are
Borne inward into minds afar,
Along that path of hurry and din
That leads at last to a little sheepskin,
Now tell me if there any is,
For peace of mind, surpassing this:
Our essays are with Mr. Smith!

"Work fast, Seniors," they sometimes say,
Who have all power to charm away
Vague essays that rise like mist;
But never words like these again
Shall break our happy slumber when
Our e-ssays are with Mr. Smith.

But will a time to us e'er come
When we can say, "Essays *are* done"?
And will that saying be no myth?
In the middle of March, O joyous time!
When every happy Senior can chime,
"Our e-ssays are with Mr. Smith!"



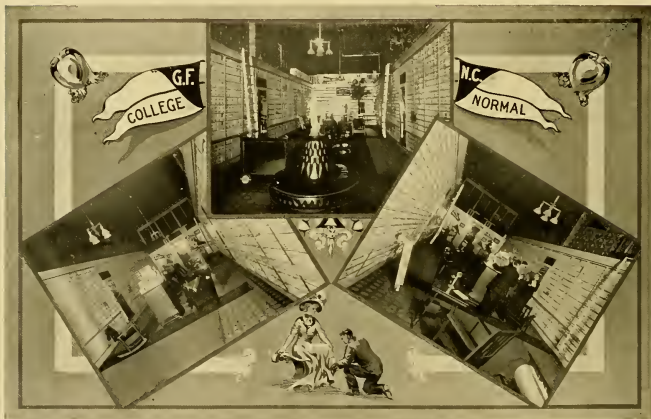


"The time has come," the walrus said,
"To speak of many things;
Of shoes, and ships, and sealing wax,
Of cabbages, and kings."



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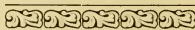
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